

VIVIAN PETERSON

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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7084 BY ARTIST

"HOW DEAR TO MY HEART"

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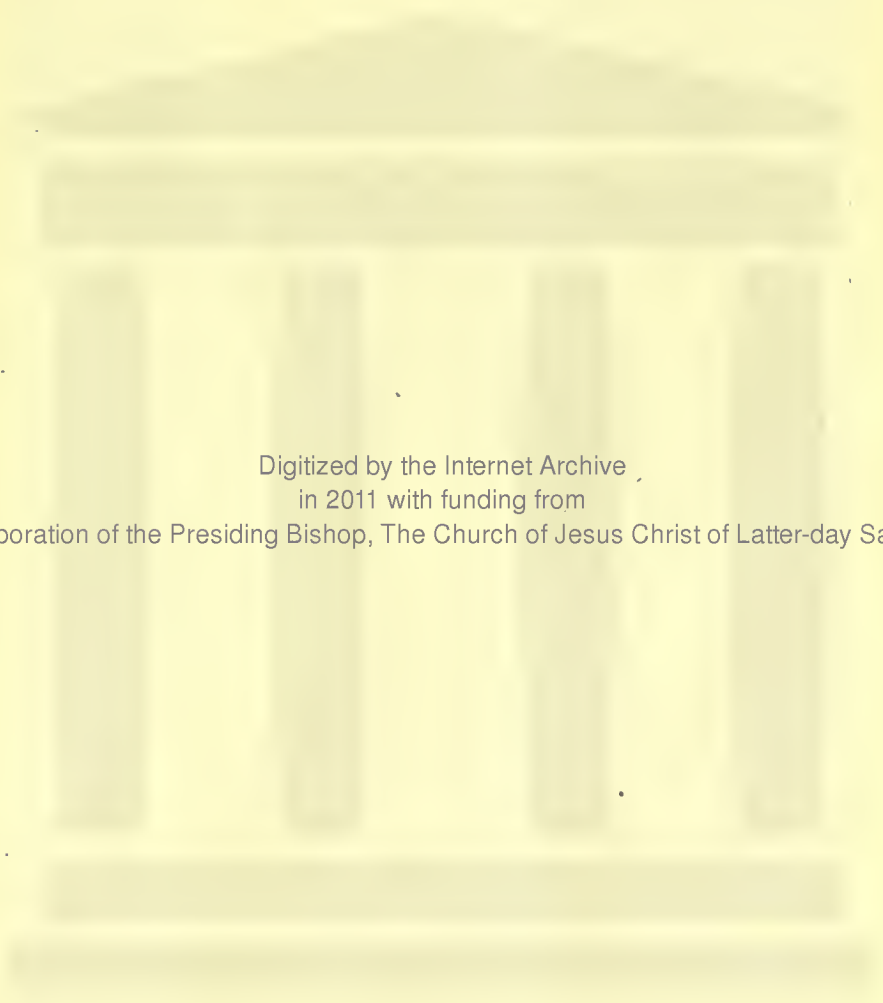


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PRESIDENT ANTHON H. LUND,

Sustained as First Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, at the General Conference, held April 6, 1910.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

VOL. XLV.

JULY, 1910.

No. 7.

Pictures of the Holy Land.

By Charles E. Johnson.

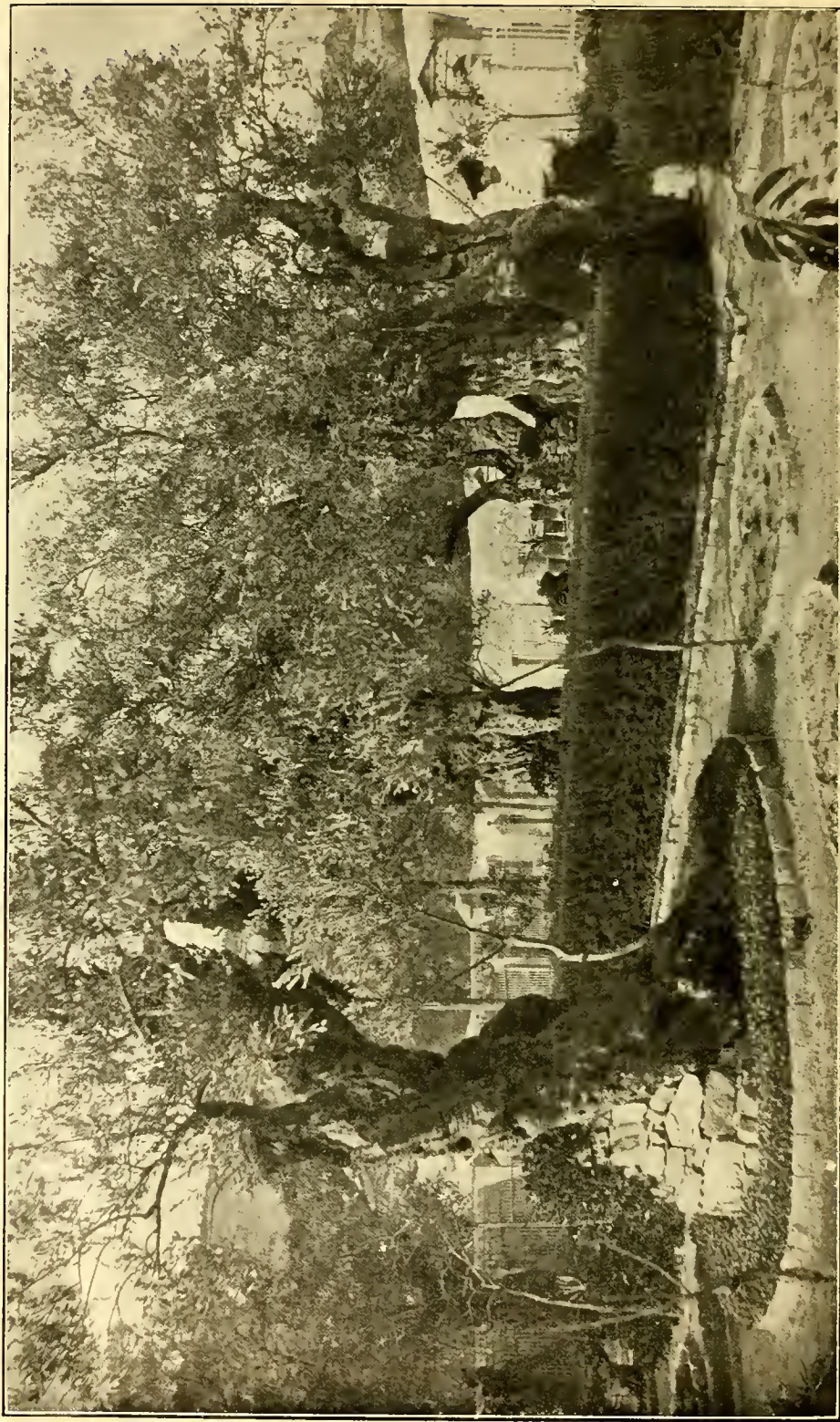
The Garden of Gethsemane.

To the devout Christian, few things are more touching than the story of the Savior's agony and betrayal in the Garden of Gethsemane the night before His crucifixion. Because of its association with this event, and because it was a favorite resort of Jesus and His disciples, the garden has been regarded as a holy and sacred spot, and it has been protected with great care for many centuries. Hostile armies have destroyed the walls and temple of the Holy City; destruction and carnage have encompassed it; but the Garden of Gethsemane has been protected from harm throughout the ages, and it stands today an object of great veneration to the thousands of Christians from all lands who visit it every year.

Situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives, the garden is reached by a winding road leading from the Gate of St. Stephen across the brook Kedron. The road continues up over the mount to the village of Bethany, where Jesus spent much of His time at the home of Mary and Martha. The word Gethsemane means "oil press," from which we may readily imagine that at some ancient time the owner of this plot of ground had a press stationed there, by which he extracted the oil from the olives grown in the garden. Like many other objects of great historical interest in the Holy Land, the fact that the Garden of Gethsemane of today is the identical garden of the Savior's time

has never been definitely proven. Those who doubt the accuracy of the tradition which locates Gethsemane, however, are very willing to admit that if the present site is not the true one, it is at least in the immediate neighborhood. It is very likely that Queen Helena, who visited Palestine A. D. 326, and built the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, also determined upon the site of the Garden of Gethsemane. As this queen expended much time and money in her diligent research, it is very probable that she did, indeed, find the identical garden so closely associated with the latter part of the Savior's life.

The original garden enclosure was in all probability of greater extent than at present. This is evident from the fact that there are now two gardens, that is to say, the old area has been divided into two sections, one being controlled by the Greek Church, and the other, part of which is shown in the picture, by the Latin Church. There are now eight ancient olive trees alive, besides flowers, shrubbery and modern cypresses. The former are so gnarled and knotted that it is not at all difficult to believe that they were growing when Jesus taught and prayed beneath their branches. Many believe that they were actually witnesses of the Savior's agony and betrayal, but doubters say this is precluded by the statement of Josephus that all the trees in the neighborhood of Jerusalem were cut down during its



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Mountford-Johnson Photo.

siege by the Romans under Titus. The writer prefers to believe that they are the veritable trees that sheltered the Savior and His disciples. Their great size, some being from eight to nine feet in circumference, when the slow growth of the olive is considered, indicates that many centuries have elapsed since they were planted.

The trees and flowers in the garden are jealously guarded by the monks, who act as caretakers. It is estimated that if every person who visits Gethsemane were to take a single leaf from a tree, in one season they would be entirely denuded of foliage. Hence, a flower or a leaf is regarded as a very valuable souvenir.

Preaching to the Indians.

[Extract from a recent letter to the First Presidency of the Church, from President Edward J. Wood, of Alberta Stake.]

"We have just had a very interesting incident happen here in our stake, and I will tell it to you, briefly, as I know you are interested in our Lamanite brethren. As you know, Cardston, Leavitt, Caldwell and Mt. View wards border on the Indian Reserve, and we frequently have dealings with the Indians, who are called the "Blood Indians;" they are quite often visited by the Blackfoot Indians from Montana and the "Kree Indians" from the Medicine Hat country to the far east of us. The Kree and the Bloods get along very nicely, and have become almost one tribe. There is at present a large company of Indians—Kree and Bloods—camped near Mt. View ward, and they have, as they term it, been having a "pow wow" or sort of a general meeting; this meeting or gathering has had a gloom cast over it by the sudden and dangerous sickness of the highest chief—Yellow Face," and as is their custom, he was removed to a place where he could receive proper attention, and not be a hindrance to the gathering. The other day, however, he sent for the other "big men," and as they went in his tent he told them he had some serious news to tell them; he had had a vision, he said. A personage appeared to him and told

him that the "Mormons" had a book, which was the history of his fore-parents, and that the "Mormons" would always be the nearest friends to the Indian. He was also told in the vision to send word to the chiefs to send for the Bishop of Mt. View, and he would meet with them and tell of this "book." The chiefs were so impressed with what their fellow chief had told them that they at once sent for Bishop Parker, who went to their camp and through an interpreter had a long talk with them and preached the Gospel to them and left several Books of Mormon.

"We have often wondered here when the time would come that these Indians could be preached to; the great majority seem a higher type of Indian than some of the tribes around and in Utah. They have established right in the centre of their Reserve a Church of England school, and a Catholic school. The former is supported, financially, we understand, by the Dominion, and the Catholic may also receive some aid. The Sisters of Charity also have a school for girls; outside of these efforts to teach the children in the school room, we have never heard of any endeavor being made to Christianize them, but it may be that the time is approaching and the way opening up whereby they may hear the Gospel under the proper authority."

Zion, Dear Zion!

Susa Young Gates.

Jane Martin had walked most of the twenty miles to this last camping place in the tops of the wondrous Wasatch mountains in this golden July of 1854. Her feet had lost none of their old-time fleetness nor had her oval cheeks parted with their delicate bloom. Rather had this long journey from the chalk cliffs of England, across sea and land by rail, then by foot, over the endless, trackless plains of western America, deepened the shell-like tints of lip and chin into the rich ripeness of the hawberries along the canyon walls. It was a day that scorched the bunch grass into faded wisps, and burned the wild-oats into stiffened fronds. The living creatures on the plains far below the slow-moving ox-trains sought shelter under sage or scarce willow to pant away the noon-tide hours of deadly enervation. But in the wide-mouthed canyon into which the train was now climbing, there whispered along the low hanging willows that skirted the brawling stream a hint of evening coolness soon to be found between the higher craggy defiles. The slender girl who walked some distance apart from the jostling, eager, laughing, shouting multitude threw out her slender arms as she felt the faint wind harbinger on her burning face, and whispered in a transport of joy, "Oh Zion, dear Zion."

Far behind the walking multitude there lumbered with croaking joints and smacking yokes, the loaded wagons drawn by heavy-footed oxen. The cowhide-booted teamsters scrambled along beside their clumsy teams, trying to stimulate the lethargic cattle with sharp prod and shrill cries. The snapping whip cut through the thick heat-waves with startling explosions. But no whip nor voice could mend the plodding gait of the beast whose virtue was patience and whose symbol was wisdom.

"Careful of that dugway, boys," called the captain of this emigrant band, riding with quickened pace to warn the first teamster of this unaccustomed danger. "We are apt to meet other teams from here on, coming out to meet us from the Valley. And you must watch for every turn in the road lest you run headlong into a wagon headed this way."

It was well that the captain called out this warning; for just as he spoke, there shot out from the curving ledge beyond them a spring carriage, drawn by two sure-footed mules. The teams halted simultaneously.

"Hello Captain Avery," called the driver of the mule-team, "we have come to see if you needed any help to get into the Valley; just behind us is a wagon full of provisions for your evening meal, with some fodder for your tired animals."

The carriage was at once surrounded with an eager crowd of travelers, while quip and question, hand-clasp and tearful welcomes fairly overwhelmed the three occupants of the spring carriage.

"Yes sirree," said Elder Sterne, "the Valley is ready to receive you all. This is the first good-sized company from England this year, and we have already found quarters for most of you. And work—I should say so! Why, there's places for fifty able-bodied men on the Public Works, with calls for farm-hands and blacksmiths from all the settlements. Don't you be afraid. Zion is growing, and Brother Brigham is equal to every call made upon him."

The heat of the day, the long upward climb into the hills, the dust and the hunger were all forgotten by the happy crowd that surged about the carriage and chatted with the visitors from the Valley.

Jane Martin had stood a little apart,

her native modesty shrinking from joining with that noisy mob upon the hillside. She stood fanning herself with her dusty sunbonnet, the scraggy limbs of a split scrub-cedar offering her some shade from the blistering kiss of the western sun.

"Sister Martin," called Captain Avery, "why don't you come up and meet the brethren from the Valley?"

Thus adjured, Jane timidly stepped forward into the crowd, all giving way good-naturedly to permit the pretty girl to pass them and get up to the object of all their interest—that Valley party.

"Sister Martin," announced the captain, "this is Elder Sterne and his brother, with his daughter Julia. Brother Sterne, this is Sister Martin from Leicester, England. She has walked most of the way from the Missouri river, and has performed all her daily tasks beside with much sick-nursing, and help to any who needed assistance. Julia," said the captain, in a lower tone of voice to the girl in the carriage, "jump out and get acquainted with Sister Martin and the rest of the sisters in the train."

The young lady in the carriage after some further laughter, and parley with the grave and handsome captain of the emigrant train, alighted, and with a graceful deftness she adjusted her beruffled calico skirts, and there she stood, a very charming dark-haired girl, with a pretty green barage-wired bonnet dropping from her tresses as she lightly held the pale green ribbon strings—themselves gay with sprigged rosebuds strung along their shining lengths. Miss Julia was a very unexpected apparition in that dusty and travel-worn camp. But Miss Julia was quite equal to the occasion.

"I am so glad, Sister Martin and all you good sisters, to see you. I just begged father to bring me out to see you, for I am crazy to see all the folks that come from across the sea. And how do you stand it, traveling so far, and were you sea-sick? And

did you bring any French calico, and does any one want to sell me some ribbons? And mother wants to get one of you good English girls to come and help us this summer, for she is sick with the mountain fever, and that's why she let me come out to meet the emigrant train, so that I could get first pick of the girls."

The chatter of the brilliantly attired Miss Sterne was an astounding revelation to simple Jane. Such an unexpected sight had never before dazzled her English eyes. Julia's quick, but entirely good-natured tongue was quite as startling as were her gay trappings. Was this Zion?

The merry Julia soon conquered every female heart in the company. She made friends with each girl separately; she gave each an invitation to "hunt berries," then she picked up her light print skirt, tossed her pretty head high, and led the girls into a crevice of the hills where grew the most delicious "service-berries" that the English girls ever tasted. And these were in themselves another Utah surprise. Not only did the girls find the mellow, sweet berries rather appetizing to fruit-hungry travelers, but they also tested with more or less relish the choke-cherries which flung their ripe-red globes in riotous profusion upon the sequestered vale into which the crowd of girls were led by this mountain maid. Clearly London-bred, primly taught Jane Martin had entered upon new experiences.

"You see," confided Julia into Jane's awe-struck ears, "I have borrowed my friends' hoops, just to see how they would look on me. You know they are wearing hoops in the States—"

"Yes," ventured Jane, rather proud of her superior temporary fashionable information, "we saw many of them in New York. And all the ladies wear them in England. that is, all but the Saints. We don't care for the vanities of the world."

Here were some very old truths upon very new lips, and Miss Julia looked

thoughtfully for a few moments into the eyes of the slender girl beside her. Then—

"O, say! haven't any of you girls brought ribbons or hoops?"

"Yes, we brought ribbons, and some of the sisters have a good bit of French calico. But we were not allowed to carry any useless baggage."

"Do you know, sister, you make me think of mother, who is always saying things like that to me. But I love ribbons and pretty things, and it is so long since we left Nauvoo, and saw cities and stores and could buy dress-goods."

Jane was rather silent for a moment. There was a struggle of feelings in her soul. Here were two of the severest tests of her recent conversion into the Gospel of Christ. She had come to Zion, and Babylon had come out to meet her. That was sufficient to bring her soul to the edge of the precipice. Upon the waves of this thought there eddied and swirled another surprise, and this was the most trying of the two. If women could live in Zion and be thus engaged in thoughts of Babylon, what comfort was there for such as she who had covenanted once for all to renounce Babylon and its allurements? Who would understand and sympathize with the terrible sacrifices she had made?

All these thoughts were banished, however, when the laughing girl beside her said tenderly:

"Do you think, sister, that I am silly and vain? Don't mind me! For I am just a girl, you know, and I have had no chance to forswear the world, as you have. I must learn my lessons as you have learned yours, by experience."

Jane turned with something like affection in her heart for this odd American girl who talked out her whole heart in the first hour's acquaintance, and she answered, slowly:

"I have given up my mother, and home to come to Zion. It was very

hard. But I dare say we shall find trials, even in Zion."

"That you will! But one thing you will also find, and that's good people. You'll get a rousing welcome, be sure of that. If you will come and live with mother, we'll make you as comfortable as we can. Father has just put up a new two-story adobe house."

"Adobe? What's that?"

As the Utah girl explained she drew the slender traveler into a warm embrace, and the girls wandered along the upward road, drawn by that inscrutable bond which we call youth. The afternoon sun melted slowly down towards the western hill-top.

"Say," called the merry Julia, and again prim Jane Martin lingered with half-delight, half-disapproval upon this western form of address, "Say, don't you think Jim Avery is handsome?"

Could this be Zion? The shocked and timid English girl felt that some one had leaned down into the most hidden recesses of her soul and thrown wide its barriers for the glaring western sun to shrivel and scorch her holy of holies. With the shock came also something that resembled resentment. How could this gay, insouciant Valley nymph reach out with such careless fingers to touch the pedestal upon which a mighty warrior of the cross had been enthroned! How could this daughter of Zion toss that golden image about with swift irreverent fingers! Surely Jane's mind was chaos.

"You know," continued the chattering Julia, "I have known Jim since I was a little girl. He's lots older than I am, but he is so good and I have missed him so in the three years he has been away I just could hardly wait for his train to come in."

Then this was the cause of all the finery, the ribbons, the green bonnet, the laughter, and the truly American way of being pleased with everybody. The English girl felt her spirit solidifying along her nerves as if some breath from those frozen mountain peaks had sent swift message into her

chilled veins. The way was very long, —the road was very dry and barren.

"What's the matter, sissy?" The new diminutive, half loving, half patronizing from the American to the emigrant-girl, cut deep into some freshly opened heart-channel. Jane Martin was not a churl, however, nor lacking in courtesy. She flung up her arms in a forced gesture of light response, and said dully:

"I am so tired; I had no idea that it was so far to the Valley."

"Why, it isn't far," assured the American girl, "it's only a few hours and then you'll see the city of the Great Salt Lake. You'll see Zion, you know."

With the frozen line creeping from her heart to her throat, and on up to the stiffening lips, Jane managed to say faintly:

"I must give over walking for a bit. I'm—so—tired."

With one look at the pallid face beside her, Julia half-led and half-carried the fainting girl to a tree near the road, and when she had placed her safely on the ground under the shade, she ran down to the stream, and wetting her handkerchief, flew back to bathe the face and hands of the swooning girl.

"What's the trouble?" cried a deep voice, and Captain James Avery swung from his horse to the side of the unconscious girl.

"It is the stiff climb and the heat," said the captain. "Those English girls are not used to such pouring sunshine, Julia. Just take my tincup from the saddle bag and bring me some water, there's a good girl."

The little group were soon surrounded with the other travelers, and when poor Jane Martin regained consciousness, she saw, as in a cool mist, the two faces she most loved or hated now in all the world, leaning above her. The pretty eyes of Julia Sterne were suffused with sympathetic tears as she bent above the weary English traveler; but the grave eyes of Cap-

tain Avery were a shade sterner, with some repressed emotion as he waved the crowd aside to permit the sufferer to revive.

"Is this Zion?" said the faint voice of timid Jane Martin as she became conscious of the piercing eyes above her.

"No, sister, not quite yet. You are tired. Can you let me help you on your feet? There, so! Now, boys, ask Elder Sterne to bring his carriage over here, and we will let Sister Martin ride for awhile."

The words were the simple necessary words of direction. But there was a hidden world of repressed meaning in the voice of Captain Avery. Was he displeased with her, thought Jane, sadly.

As the tired English girl rode somewhat swiftly along in the carriage, her pale face set in lines of pain, she let her mind dwell upon all that had passed upon this eventful and momentous journey. She saw the mingled misery and joy of that start from the Liverpool docks. She heard the cries of her mother on the shore as her daughter floated down the great waters of the Mersey. She had felt her own heart as a stone in her breast when she parted from her mother. Yet this was God's Church, and she must, oh she must go to Zion! Then she felt again all the awful details of that daily horror of sickness in the ship's hold until time and custom permitted her to lie stretched upon the narrow decks, getting strength and hope from the foam-kissed blue beneath her and the cloud-kissed blue above her. The terrors of the sea were all forgotten when she could lie listening to the musical bass voice of Captain Avery, as he pictured to those self-exiled emigrants the freedom and the possibilities of their western Zion. How glad she was to pierce the clear sea air at twilight with her own liquid treble as Captain Avery led the company in one of the hymns of Zion. Her memory lingered on the landing

in New York, and she recalled how quickly the dreaded ordeal with custom-house and other officials had really passed. For always there was the sure directing voice, deep with hidden mystery of sympathy and understanding as Captain Avery passed here and there keeping the mothers patient, the children quiet, and guiding fathers to their destination across the Eastern States. The ride upon the cars, the long nights and hot days, so trying to English nerves, all these discomforts were made bearable by the sincere devotion to God which animated both the captain and his little company. The long, weary foot-sore walk across the plains seemed almost a thing of the past, even now. For with the quick flash of self-revelation, the poor child saw that she had builded a selfish personal affection upon the solid Gospel foundation which had once been hers. Surely she loved the Gospel? She thrilled with the thought. She knew as she knew that she lived, that God was her father, that her Redeemer had offered Himself upon the cross, and that He had sent His Prophet Joseph Smith as a new witness to His name and His cause. Well, she had not lost nor forfeited that testimony, thank God, with all her weakness and her present self-inflicted pain. If death, privation, toil and sacrifice were to be hers, yea, even if she must bury his thankless, unsought love from out of sight forever, she was still prepared to say with her whole heart, "I know in Whom I trust, I will not be afraid nor ashamed."

Jane could not talk as they rode along. The shock of discovery had left her crushed and broken. How foolishly she had allowed this unbidden affection to rise and twine itself about her soul; she would not have guessed her plight so soon but for the sudden probing questions of this fair American girl, Julia.

Ah, that was the spring of her deepest suffering! She saw now that not only had the grave and reserved cap-

tain given her no possible encouragement for her present state of mind, but from all that she could gather in her new friend's chatter, he was pledged to the fair Julia. So be it! Jane was not selfish enough to hate one that he loved, nor to wish either of them anything but joy and blessedness. If the Gospel had done nothing else for her, it had mellowed her feelings and broadened her sympathies. As for her own affections, she would place her heart upon the altar, and go her way in peace. Over and over she said that to herself, "I will place my heart upon the altar and go my way in peace." The words gave her a soothing charm that lulled and quieted fretted nerves and heavy heart.

"How is the sick girl?" asked Captain Avery, some time after, as he reined in his horse beside the carriage.

"She is much better, Jim, as you can see for yourself," replied Julia for her. The color is coming back into her cheeks, and she is looking like herself. Eh, sissy?"

Jane colored at the now familiar, but distasteful appellation, but she was determined to conquer the pulse beats in her throbbing veins, so she said, quietly, if in a somewhat strained voice:

"I am quite well, now, thank you, Captain Avery."

Thus assured, the captain rode on about his duty. Once more Jane allowed her thoughts to center about her own extended acquaintance with the grave and handsome captain. She could not remember one single word ever uttered by her friend in all her two year's associations that would indicate that he had any more sympathy or affection for her than he had for the last and least interesting member of that branch. Indeed, sometimes when he looked at her, there was a set sternness about his blue eyes that wounded her with their glittering intensity. It is true, that for a long time, how long she could never tell, she was thrillingly conscious of his

presence. But she had tried to stifle all such forbidden emotions, for she well knew their utter futility. It was natural for all the sisters to look with awe and devotion upon the Elders "from Zion," and even the men of her branch shared this devotion. When Captain Avery had been on the eve of departure, the saints had wanted to present him with a token of their affection; but he had quickly and sternly forbidden any such demonstration, holding himself aloof from personal and vain association. She had greatly admired that saint-like attitude, and all along she had known that he was as far above her as the mountain crags were above the narrow vale in which they rode. But here she was now, stranded upon the bleak shore of her own choosing, and she must either go down to death or she must weather the storm if she would preserve her harbor from strange and forbidden vessels for all time to come.

The sun was dipping low into the west, as the party crept up to the summit of the Little Mountain, and the word flashed out that in a moment all

could catch the first glimpse of "Zion! Dear Zion, the home of the free."

Jane had alighted from the carriage, the better to give vent to the crowding emotions which swept over her. The hurrying multitude surged past her in their eagerness to top the summit and drink in the inspiring sight. Jane's laggard feet crept slowly upward.

"Are you strong enough to walk?"

She turned with swift assurance to her questioner and answered gaspingly:

"I wanted to see it alone, Captain Avery. It is hard to think when so many are talking."

Captain Avery caught her arm and led the way on upward, neither speaking. When they had gained the summit, the crowd had already pressed eagerly downward and they stood alone a moment on the height—the hill of Desire.

"This is our last hill," said the deep tones of her companion. Jane felt that her life waited upon the moment.

"Is this Zion?" she asked at last. "I thought Zion would be beautiful to



FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE VALLEY.

H. L. A. Culmer

look upon, both within and without. But oh, it all looks very desolate down there in that grey valley—so dry, so parched; no trees, no green grass, no flowers—”

“Do you not see the Fort, and the green fields around it, there in the northern edge of the Valley? And see the beautiful, blue lake shimmering on the western edge of our home. As this is the hill of my desire, so that is the valley of my highest hopes—my future possibilities. It is Zion! Do you not feel even here the atmosphere of peace which envelopes us—like a cloud.”

“Zion is the pure in heart; do not be tried by the foolish dressing of young Julia Sterne. She has not been tried and tested as have you; but she is good and pure, and very loyal. Do you recall the Savior’s last prayer for His Twelve Special Witnesses? It was: ‘Father, I do not ask Thee to take them from the world, but to preserve them from its evils.’ You must help Julia in this, as she will help you in other matters. You and I must do our part in bringing to pass much righteousness.”

The girl’s heart was shaken with the new tone in her companion’s voice—a caressing note, indescribable, but which was more thrillingly intimate from this strong, reserved man than another’s full confession might offer. And yet—and yet—she had suffered such acute misery this day from her own rudely shattered, but secret, half-guessed hope, that she dreaded to al-

low herself one inch of grace. As they stood thus, silent, yet vividly conscious of each other and of the momentous environment, Jane caught the flutter of the gay bonnet strings of pretty Julia Sterne, as the crowd below turned a curve in the road.

Out of the fullness of her past suffering, she whispered, this time hoarsely:

“She is very pretty.”

The grave man beside her looked a moment into her eyes and then, catching sight of the green bonnet far below, he said still gravely:

“Friends are friends, but rarely become lovers.”

Again, out of the solemn depths of her suffering she rose with uncertain speech:

“I have been so unhappy today—you—you have always been so stern—you do not mean—But I know that God lives—why—”

“There is a time to speak, and a time to keep silent,” quoted the deep voice, “And when a man is an ambassador of Christ he must sink his own personality in the Cause he represents. This is the end of my two years long waiting. This is—”

“Oh, this is Zion,” cried the blessed girl softly, weeping happy tears as a holy baptism of the hill of her desire. They stood with clasped hands, looking out upon the grey valley, silver-framed in the west, and green-checked on the northern hill slopes.

“Ah, Jane! this is indeed Zion, the land of the free, and the home of the brave!”

Taking Careful Aim.

Many a boy misses becoming a great man, many a girl misses becoming a great woman, by failing to take good aim. It’s important to find out, as early as we can, just what we can do, what our special talent is, and then

direct our utmost energies at that one target.

The men of single, concentrated purpose are the ones who accomplish the hard things of the world. Years ago, a number of school-boys, men-

bers of a Philadelphia school, were taken by their teachers to Washington, to see President Lincoln in the White House.

When the ceremonies were over, Mr. Lincoln turned to the boys.

"Boys," he said, a kindly smile playing about his features, "do the teachers in your school teach you how to *load*, *take aim*, and *fire*? Do they teach you the importance of hitting the target every time?"

"I've known some people," the President went on, "who had fine-looking guns, but they just went out and blazed away without much aim, and they didn't amount to much. It's a great thing to have good guns. But any kind of a gun that *hits the mark* is better than any other kind that doesn't. An insignificant mustard-shot that *hits the target*, boys, is better than a United States army shell that goes whizzing away in space and aimlessly explodes."

In these words Mr. Lincoln was emphasizing, in language the boys could understand, the need of concentrated purpose for any one who expected really to accomplish something in the world. Concentrated purpose is taking careful aim.

And he was himself an excellent illustration of the lesson that he was trying to teach.

Whatever he did he did with all his might. He attended faithfully to the object in hand and did nothing by halves. He kept his wits so intensely directed to what he was doing, and worked so efficiently and well, that he was in the *habit* of accomplishing what he set out to do.

A person may have a whole series of bewildering talents, but if they are scattered and ill directed, nothing will be accomplished. Concentration is the key.

We all know how it is with scattered

clouds of steam as they rise, gracefully and harmlessly, in the atmosphere. But if those same clouds of steam were confined under pressure in a boiler and in connection with an engine, they would have the power to lift us or speed us across the continents and oceans.

A boy is fond of reading. But his reading is objectless. Now, if he would only properly direct his efforts along this line, concentrate them on a particular branch of study, he would obtain results that would astonish himself. And his objectless reading would soon be transformed into actual mastery of a literature or science.

It's the same with artists and housekeepers and students, and business men and women, and budding lawyers, and doctors, and farmers. Whatever line of endeavor we may be engaged in, the principle must hold good.

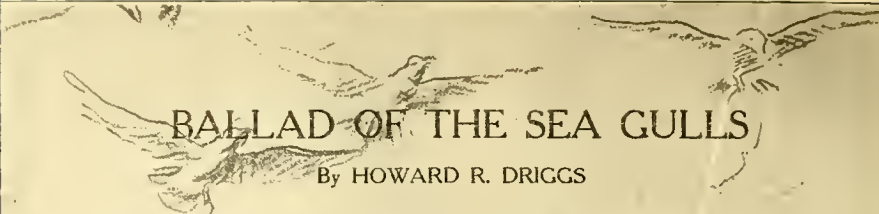
That is what the President meant. The key to mastery in any and every department of life is concentrated purpose.—*Stephen Innes, in St. Nicholas.*

SUNSHINE.

O, beautiful, golden sunshine!
Fill thou my heart with thy light,
That as thy smiles love into life
Earth's flowers, and keep them bright;
So may a rich effulgence
Beam forth from soul each day,
To cheer God's human flowers,
That droop by the darksome way.

O, beautiful, golden sunshine!
Thou type of the Light Divine,
As thou dost banish the storm-clouds,
O'ercome in this heart of mine
The shadows dark that brood there
Of doubts and selfish fears,
And there cause seeds of kindness,
To grow through the future years.

—Grace Ingles Frost.



BALLAD OF THE SEA GULLS

By HOWARD R. DRIGGS

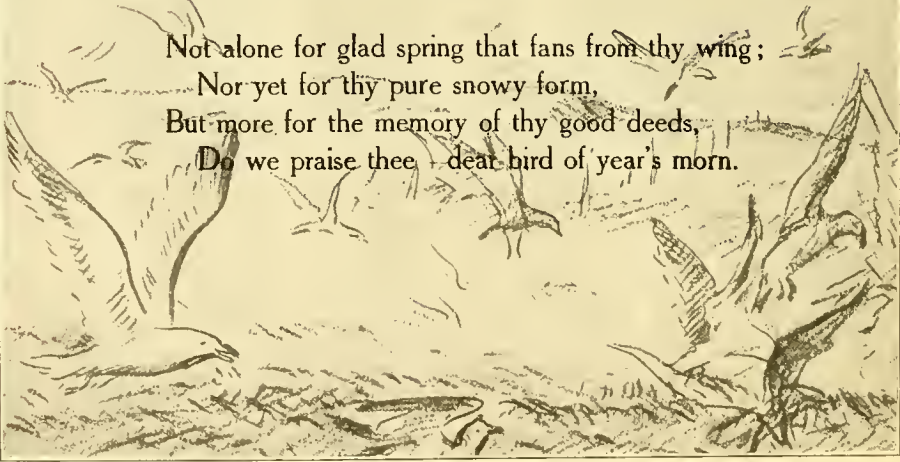
Voice from our Sunset Sea—joyous and clear!
Herald of spring—Western spring!
Fling thy wild cry, till the echoes reply,
And the sage plains rouse fresh at thy ring.

Joy 'tis to hear thee—child of our brine—
A fleck of its salt foam, flung forth at year's morn;
Joy 'tis to see thee—afloat 'gainst the blue,
On thy slow-sweeping pinions upborne.



There's cheer in thy note as it leaps from thy throat;
Thy strong tones give health to the heart,
Thy lusty "Was hael," like the red warrior's yell,
Strikes through the calm air like a dart.

At that call all the brooklets burst forth from the snow,
The hillsides flash green, the meadow-larks trill,
The sego-cup sways in the sage;
But the black cricket glooms and lies still.



Not alone for glad spring that fans from thy wing;
Nor yet for thy pure snowy form,
But more for the memory of thy good deeds,
Do we praise thee—dear bird of year's morn.

Thy name links with days of the bronzed pioneer,
When he first turned these stones into bread,
The odds all against him—harsh soil, savage foes—
His children scant clad and worse fed.

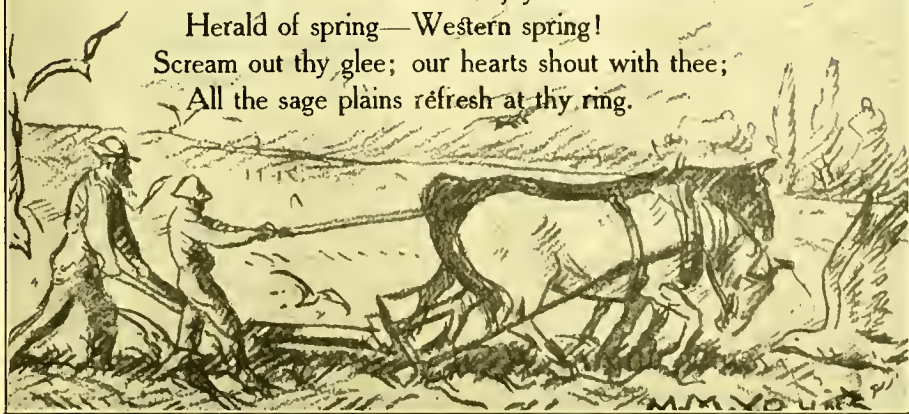
But the stubborn soil, yielding at last to his stroke,
Gave promise of plenty in hand,
When blasting like flame, the cricket horde came,
Gnawing green-fields down to the sand.

Stout hands smote and smote; in vain was man's might,
The black plague like famine gnawed on,
Till God heard the prayer that rose from sore hearts,
And He scattered the night with His dawn.

From the crest of the wave, to strike and to save,
Came Thy swift host of sea gulls bright-mailed,
With clarion cry, to sweep down the sky
And fall on the foe like fierce hail.

The dove then was eagle, smiting sure in his wrath,
The black scourge was scourged from the plain;
God's might answered faith, as when manna was sent,
And the stricken land smiled once again.

Voice from our Inland Sea—joyous and clear!
Herald of spring—Western spring!
Scream out thy glee; our hearts shout with thee;
All the sage plains refresh at thy ring.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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SALT LAKE CITY - - JULY, 1910

Summer Reflections.

At this season of the year, when our children are enjoying their vacation and when excursions, picnics, canyon trips and lake parties are the vogue, it may be well to pause in the midst of pleasure and consider some of the season's dangers. Much has

Trust, but Watch.

been said and written of late about the follies of some of our young people, but all should not be condemned for the acts of a few of the thoughtless. While there may be much to criticise in the lives of some, yet the Latter-day Saints as a whole are, all the same, the strongest for truth and morality—for right life—of any peo-

ple upon the face of the earth. Parents should learn to have faith in and trust their children, and at the same time should be watchful and guard them from temptation and evil.

It is a great blessing to hard working men and women, and their children, to get relaxation from toil and care out in the fresh air and enjoy the blessings that nature, with the help of man, has prepared for them. It is proper to enjoy these things. Nevertheless, wisdom should be shown by all in these enjoyments. We should in the first place keep within our means, and not run in debt for summer pleasures. Neither should we yield to the lure of constant pleasure. In nearly every community there are cool parks, free to the public, where liquor is not sold, and these are places where children might be taken with wisdom. Other resorts conducted upon moral and restrictive lines furnish good environment for our children.

Excursions and Picnics.

One of our great national evils today is Sabbath breaking. On every hand we see the growing inclination to dishonor the Lord's day, and the summer months seem to offer the greatest inducements for this sin. The Lord has spoken to the saints in our day on this subject. In a revelation given August, 1831, He says: 'And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house

Sabbath Breaking.

of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, to pay thy devotions unto the Most High; nevertheless, thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times; but remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren and before the Lord. And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart, that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full. Verily, this is fasting and prayer; or, in other words, rejoicing and prayer."

Latter-day Saints, and especially Sunday School teachers, should set a good example to the world by honoring this law of God.

Sunday is a day of rest and devotion, not a day of public amusement or of private and personal revelry. We do not believe it is a crime to do a good deed on the Sabbath day, or a sin to stretch forth a hand to help the sick and afflicted. We believe that this day is open for God's service as is every other day in the year; but this day is His. It is a day in which the Father invites His children to come back home, if you please, to His house, and sit at His table, and renew their filial devotion, obligation and duty. It is a day without the sanctity of which we cannot have that degree of the Spirit of God, so essential to our temporal and spiritual salvation.

Therefore, parents and teachers, wherever you may be, whether in the canyons, in foreign lands, or upon the sea, keep the law of God in mind and teach it to the children. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

It has been called to our attention

that in some places young folks'

Late Hours.

parties are often kept up until as late as one and two a. m. It is espe-

cially discouraging to think that after all the years of counsel and example, there should be any such cases, and parents are urged to help in changing such practices wherever they exist. Parents and tardy guests are in many instances responsible for the lateness in serving refreshments at home socials. If guests would be prompt and refreshments were served early, the evils of such late hours would be materially lessened.

During the current month we will celebrate in honor of two of the most important events in our history—the birthday

A Sane Fourth
of July.

of our nation and the entrance of the Pioneers into this Valley. In the past, our patriotism has been expressed by the explosion of fireworks, the discharge of firearms and the burning of powder. A recent magazine states that 215 boys and girls were killed on the last Fourth of July, and that the total of killed, blinded and maimed on that day, number 5,307. In the past seven years, the grand total of killed, blinded and maimed reached the amazing figure of 34,000—an awful sacrifice to patriotism. It is right to be patriotic, but let us as Latter-day Saints take the lead in expressing our appreciation for the blessings of liberty by quiet devotion, harmless amusements and silent thankfulness, instead of the usual noise of pistol, squib, rocket and cracker. Let each one stand for a "sane" Fourth and Twenty-fourth and be a committee of one to see to it that this year there shall be no sorrow brought to any of our homes by the insane use of explosives.

Our brethren and sisters need recreation; it is wise to take it. Some

Moderation.

men and women deny themselves all social amusements and overtax their powers of endurance, thus undermining health. This we depreciate. It shows lack of wisdom. But

on the other hand, be moderate in all things. Do not be swerved from the path of duty by the lure of summer amusements.

And, teachers, look after your Sunday Schools and do not permit them to languish. Take your recreation, but stand as watchmen on the towers to shield the children of Zion from evils which may threaten them.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

The World's Sixth Sunday School Convention

By General Secretary, Geo. D. Pyper.

In point of numbers, at least, the World's Sixth Sunday School Convention, which was held at Washington, D. C., June 19th to 24th, 1910, was probably the greatest gathering of Sunday School workers the world has ever known. The writer, in the company of General Treasurer John F. Bennett, had the pleasure of attending eleven sessions of the convention and its auxiliary meetings. Though not accredited delegates, our Church not being recognized by the association, we attended as visitors, were courteously treated, and two seats were reserved for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR at the press tables. Through a misunderstanding on our part, however, these were not used.

THE WORLD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The World's Sunday School association comprises the Inter-Denominational Sunday School workers of the Protestant Christian churches of the world. It embraces the world's officers, and under them are the organizations representing International, State, County, and Township Committees, and, lastly, the individual denominational Sunday Schools. These number 285,842 and the total membership is 27,888,479 including 2,500,000 officers and teachers. All ages are represented, from the infant in the cradle roll to the octogenarian. 24

countries, 47 denominations were represented at, and 175 foreign missionaries attended the convention. Though not all official delegates, it is estimated that 10,000 Sunday School workers attended the meetings. The next convention will be held in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1913.

MISSIONARY WORK.

One of the most interesting and remarkable features of the convention was the reports of the foreign missionaries who have spent years in heathen countries, sometimes at the risk of their lives, establishing Sunday Schools. It was time and time again asserted that the Sunday Schools exert the most powerful influence known to the churches in helping to Christianize the world. This is a point on which we need no conversion. For many years we have believed that Sunday Schools in the mission fields are a great help to the general missionary work, and the testimony of the presidents of our missions, who have specially fostered the work, has been that it is the greatest force known to them in reaching the hearts of the people.

Many of the foreign missionaries traveled 8,000 miles to attend the convention, and it was said that some of the field workers travel 25,000 miles annually in the work of organization. We understand Messrs. Chapman and

Alexander last year made a tour of 60,000 miles in the interest of Sunday Schools. Notwithstanding these arduous journeys and the long distances traveled by all the delegates, the sessions of the World's Convention opened at 9 a. m. and with the exception of the luncheon and dinner periods, continued in session until 11:00 p. m., adjourning with enthusiasm.

GRADED LESSONS.

The World's Association recommends the use of the International Graded Lessons, and these are used all over the world by all Protestant denominations, some churches making such changes as they deem proper to suit their different denominational views. As far as we can learn, they are very generally accepted by all denominations as printed. We heard only one objection to the course. One years' lessons only are printed in advance, and one delegate stated that her church objected to the adoption of the lessons because it was not known just how much memory work would be included, and if it transpired that the lessons were deficient in this respect, the children would then be past the age for such work. It was explained that each denomination had the privilege of adding to the work whatever was necessary, and the objection passed.

All the Sunday School workers agreed that since the introduction of these graded lessons, the Sunday Schools had advanced at a marvelous rate. A uniform system had revolutionized the Sunday School work. The uniform lessons commanded the scholarship of the world, but they should be adapted to meet the changing conditions of our age. The greatest efforts seemed to be made in the elementary departments which include the Cradle Roll, Beginners, Primary and Junior grades. We specially noted, too, that women teachers were en-

tirely in control of these grades, as by common consent they were deemed better adapted to teaching the children than the men,—in fact, only one man's voice was heard in the departments (ages 1 to 12), during the sessions attended by us. Fifteen short talks were made by women teachers in forty-five minutes. "A remarkable feat," said the lady chairman, "considering the sex."

It was asserted that graded unions were established forty years ago. We noted that the women teachers in attendance were apparently thirty to fifty years of age, but on a rising vote, the large majority began at seventeen years.

STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

A standard of excellence has been adopted, as follows:

1. A Cradle Roll (Birth to Three).
2. Beginners' Department (or class) children, 3-4-5.
3. Primary Department (or class) children 6-7-8.
4. Junior Department (or class) 9-10-11-12.
5. A separate room or separation by curtains or screens for each of the three departments.
6. Blackboard, or substitute, used in all three departments.
7. Beginners lessons for children under six.
8. Graded lessons (or supplemental with the Union lessons) for the Primary.
9. Graded lessons (or supplemental with the Union lessons) for the Junior.
10. Each teacher a graduate or student of a training course, or a member of a Reading Circle, or Graded Union.

HELPS.

The methods of promoting the work are suggested as follows:

1. By conventions where reports and practical topics are presented, the needs and problems discussed.

2. By institutes of at least two sessions, between conventions, in such numbers that each teacher may be within reach of one. (A tour of such institutes is sometimes planned.)

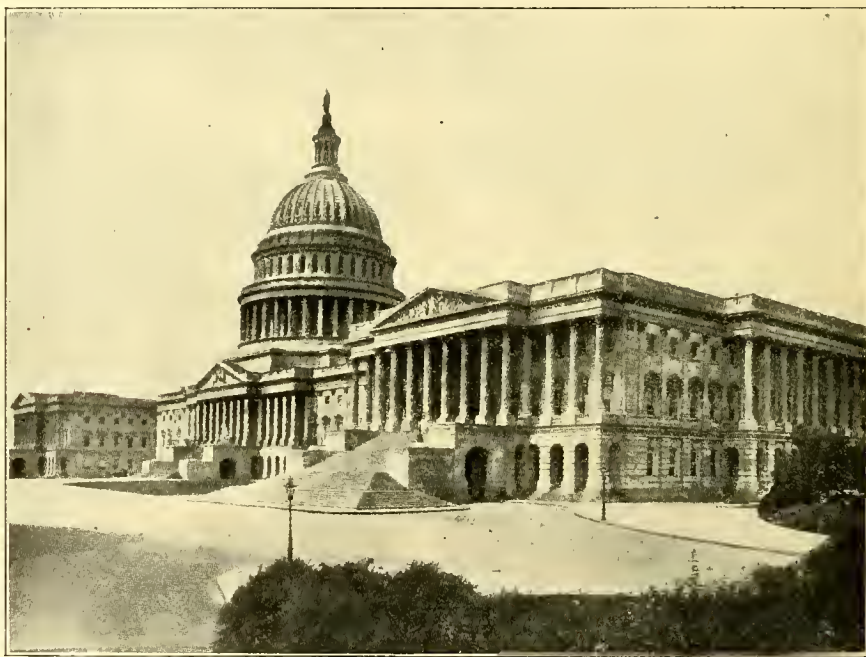
3. By rallies or special meetings, of one session.

4. By conferences for county, city, district or township workers, as frequently as possible. To these should be invited the leaders of any Graded Union within reach.

5. By conferences for elementary teachers arranged at churches or private homes.

TEMPERANCE.

The question of temperance occupied an important place in the convention, and it seemed to be the thought that the saloon evil was one of the greatest fields for work for the Sunday School and church of today. It was reported that there were 30,000 juvenile tipplers in Chicago alone; that present statistics showed that one out of every four convicts had attended some Sunday School and one out of every ten had been a teacher; that at present rate, one out of every five boys



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

6. By reports gathered and displayed on maps, charts or banners.

7. By Graded Unions organized wherever a group of churches may be interested.

8. By correspondence and visitation.

9. By leaflets and literature exhibited and distributed.

10. By co-operation and prayer for the success of our work.

has to become a drunkard. Temperance, it was asserted, should be taught quarterly and the lessons should be graded to meet the ages of the children. They prefer a positive rather than a negative way, and recommend pledge signing. One lecturer said, "Intemperance was the bar to heaven and the gate-way to hell," and that the latest discovery was that whiskey was

not even good any more for snake bites.

THE ADULT DEPARTMENT.

We were only able to attend a part of one meeting of the Adult Department (Bible Class), and the work was not particularly interesting, as it pertained to organization, but we did gather enough to learn that the slogan of organization workers was "others:" to do Evangelical work, to go out after the unenrolled, convert them to the necessity of a study of the Bible, and then let them join any of the denominations desired.

MUSIC.

A strong feature in the success of this convention was music. All the sessions were filled with good music and congregational singing prevailed. Our people have been noted for this part of our services, but some of our conventions could learn a good lesson from the world's Sunday School forces on this point. As far as we could see everybody sang, and the result was enthusiastic and spirited singing. E. O. Excell and Charles M. Alexander, led the music exercises, and a choir of five hundred voices assisted.

CONSECRATION.

At the evening session, May 23rd, a congregation of approximately 6,000 stood on their feet and consecrated their lives to the further progress of the Sunday School work. It was the very acme of emotionalism, most of those present being in tears. The meetings generally were temperate and unusually fraternal in spirit. There was not even a resolution against the Mormons presented. The only friction evident was on account of the refusal to let the colored delegates walk in the procession. This created considerable trouble, but it was learned that the local committee alone was responsible for the mistake. Oil was poured on the troubled waters by the election of

Booker T. Washington, as a life honorary member of the association. The election of these life members was unique. \$1,000.00 must be subscribed to elect each one, and twenty-five were nominated. A large map of the world was entirely covered over with a black sheet cut up into 2,500 blocks. \$25,000.00 was to be raised and as each \$10.00 was subscribed, the secretary pulled a black square from the map. This was continued until the map was entirely clean.

RESOLUTIONS.

The concluding resolutions of the convention testified to the mighty influence of the Sunday Schools throughout the world; set forth that the highest mission and aim of the Sunday School is to teach the Bible to all people in all lands; asked the Sunday Schools to make themselves more efficient in missionary instruction; favored universal peace among all nations and hoped that the wisdom of the Third Hague Conference might find a way for the adoption of arbitration to settle all international disputes; deplored the great evils resulting from the liquor traffic, and asked its early abolition; urged a stricter observance of the Sabbath day and a restoration of the old custom of family worship, declaring that Christian influences at home are the most potent in the life of the child; referred to the spectacle of 7,000 Bible class men marching in the great parade as a great object lesson which should be both an inspiration and an influence.

SUMMARY.

Points emphasized by the convention:

1. The tremendous power and influence of the Sunday School in missionary work.
2. The value of organization.
3. The effectiveness of Sunday School Unions.
4. The necessity of graded lessons.

5. The strength of the Sunday School measured by its literature, conventions, personnel, spirit and results.

6. The value of an exhibition of literature, forms, maps, etc., at the conventions.

7. The necessity for more trained teachers.

8. The inestimable value of music in the Sunday School work.

9. The teaching of temperance in the Sunday Schools.

10. The added strength to the work through the Cradle Roll.

11. The welcoming of new members into the Sunday School, and their introduction into classes, each child constituting a committee on membership.

12. The benefits to be derived by a more extensive use of blackboards and charts.

13. Supplemental work in which children are given special stories to illustrate in books prepared for the purpose.

14. The increased interest and value of pictures and story telling.

15. The necessity for an aim in every lesson taught.

It will be noticed that a great deal of the work done by our friends is in line with our own, though a few new points are named, notably the Cradle Roll, exhibitions of maps, literature, etc. at conventions, supplemental work, and welcoming the new members, etc. If

any good can be gotten out of these features we feel sure our General Board will utilize them, for we should absorb truth wherever and whenever we find it. At the same time we say to our beloved co-workers in the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that in comparing our work with that of the World's Sunday School association, we find there is nothing that can in the least degree approach our perfect organization of forces. Our methods are also up to date and fully abreast of the world's best Sunday School thought; while, as has already been widely published, our individual schools are far ahead of those of the Sectarian denominations of the world. But why should it be otherwise? Possessing the same intelligence and aptness for modern methods, we add the knowledge that we are engaged in the true Gospel of Jesus Christ as revealed in these latter days, and we enjoy the Spirit of the Lord in our Sunday School work. With these three great distinguishing qualities we possess something that the outside world is not blessed with, and if we are faithful to our callings and exemplary in our lives, we should be able to unlock the treasure house of heaven and feed the children the real bread of life. Thus we shall fulfill the great aim of our Sunday Schools which is to lead the children to a knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Can't and Mr. Can.

Oh, Mr. Can't from Mr. Can
Is a very different sort of man.

For Mr. Can he always tries,
And Mr. Can't he always cries.
Now Mr. Can gets many a blow,
But he gets the best in the end, you know.

While Mr. Can't gets nothing at all—
For he's down too low to suffer a fall—
Oh, Mr. Can gets up with a grin,
And he says: "I'm bound in the end to win."

But Mr. Can't is a pitiful sight,
For he's whipped before he's begun to fight:

And he says that it puzzles him quite a lot

Why some can do it and some can not.

Oh, poor Mr. Can't, for he never knew
The secret I'm going to whisper to you:
That you jolly well can if you only try,
And you certainly can't if you only cry.

And that is the reason why Mr. Can
From Mr. Can't is a different man.

—George Phillips, in *St. Nicholas*,

DEPARTMENT WORK

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and
Stephen L. Richards.*

The Beatitudes.

(Matthew 5:3-12.)

It is suggested that "the Beatitudes" be used as the Concert Recitation during August, September, and October. Superintendents may divide the work to suit their respective schools, but we recommend the following division: For August, verses 3 to 8, inclusive; for September, 9 to 12; for October, the entire Beatitudes, verses 3 to 12, in review. If carefully handled, inspiring results may be expected from the rendering of these beautiful words of our Savior.

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit:
for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for
they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they
shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hun-
ger and thirst after righteousness:
for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for
they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart:
for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers:
for they shall be called the children
of God.

10 Blessed are they which are per-
secuted for righteousness' sake: for
their's is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall
revile you, and persecute you, and
shall say all manner of evil against
you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad:
for great is your reward in heaven:
for so persecuted they the prophets
which were before you.

Sacrament Gem for August.

(Deseret Songs, No. 294.)

More holiness give me,
More strivings within,
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Savior,
More sense of His care,
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

THOROUGHLY FURNISHED.

The listener soon reaches a decision as to the speaker's familiarity with his subject. A certain speaker declares that the handsomest compliment he ever received was one given him by a little child, who for the first time had heard him preach, and who, after the sermon was over, looked up into his mother's face, and said, "He knew his piece real good, didn't he?" Teacher, see to it that your scholars say the same of you: they can tell. Prepare your lesson in the most careful manner. Let your mind and heart become saturated with its facts and truths. Teach what you know in such a way as to induce your pupils to endorse what you teach. This is the only kind that is worth being called teaching.—Our Bible Teacher.

Lack of interest in a Sunday School lesson frequently implies lack of preparation in the teacher. A young speaker remarked with evident satisfaction to Mr. Spurgeon of his sermon, "I threw that off in thirty minutes." "Your audience was with you in that," replied Mr. Spurgeon, "for they threw it off in twenty minutes."

What the speaker or teacher does not consider of sufficient importance to spend time on, getting ready for presentation, the hearer or scholar will not think important enough to spend time on, keeping in thought or memory.

What is dashed off by a writer is generally dashed down by a reader.

KEEP ON THE ALERT.

Be on the watch for questions. How far ahead can you see a question coming? Before the pupil has made up his mind to ask it, if you have seeing eyes. An almost imperceptible quiver of the lips: "Question, Thomas." Eyes suddenly wider: "What were you about to ask, Mary?" Forehead wrinkled: "Anything to say on that point, Edward?"

And if the question is a good one, why, "A capital question, Thomas!" "I hoped that some one would ask that, Mary!" A good question is more to be praised than a good answer, because it is rarer and more original; but does it always receive our hearty commendation?—Wells.

"The teacher who studies his lesson without studying his class, is like a physician who studies his medicine chest, but not his patient."

"A Sunday School should first be made as good as possible, then as large as possible—never the reverse."

"Enthusiasm never comes from an empty head."

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

Standard of Preparation.

At a recent meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board it was decided "that when the question of *preparation* comes up at any of the future conventions, that it be the understanding of the members of the Board that the report on standard of preparation be based on the *activity of the pupils*."

Report of World's Sixth Sunday School Convention.

We have given up our space this month to make room for a report of the visit of the General Secretary and General Treasurer to the World's Sixth Sunday School Convention, held at Washington, D. C., May 19-24, 1910.

Librarians' Department.

Levi W. Richards, Chairman; John M. Mills, Howard R. Driggs.

Duties of Librarians.

Several stake Sunday School librarians have written us for information or instructions in regard to their calling and duties. There may be many more who have the same desire but have not thus openly expressed it.

We trust there are, and hope to see the interest manifested in this important department extend to every stake, and to every school.

In the District Sunday School Conventions held this year, the importance, needs, care and benefits of good libraries for our Sunday Schools have

been brought prominently forward. The General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union feel that this important subject has not received the attention it deserves; and are trying to awaken a greater interest in it. Upon inquiry at these conventions, it has been ascertained that some of the stakes have no stake Sunday School librarian, or else have but little more than the name. Thus they are deprived of the good such an officer can accomplish, if active and interested in his work. On the other hand, there are those, both stake and school librarians, who are alive to their duties and the importance of their calling. They desire to understand the nature of their calling; and to gain such ideas and suggestions that will assist them in their work. The library committee of the General Sunday School Board have prepared and published several articles in the recent volumes of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; and these with selected articles and notes on books may prove very helpful to those who will take the trouble to look them up and study them carefully. The information referred to has been mostly gained through prac-

tical experience in our Sunday Schools. The general committee hopes to publish other articles that will be fresh, useful, and interesting. In the mean time those interested are referred to the following, that have appeared in the INSTRUCTOR.

Vol. XLIII. 1908, February, p. 74; "The Library," March, p. 109; "Get Acquainted with the Sources," May, p. 196; "The Stake Sunday School Librarian," November, p. 434; "The Sunday School Library," Vol. XLIV, 1909, May, p. 212; "Address at Conference by Elder Howard R. Driggs, Vol. XLV. 1910, May, p. 114; "Text and Reference Books," April, p. 173; "Books and Libraries," "Text and Reference Books" (continued.) May, p. 227; "Writing Down to Children," p. 232, Librarians Department (article by C. R. M.); "Text and Reference Books" (continued.) June, p. 300; Books Suggested for General Reading," (list for Second Intermediate department.)

Besides the above, special notices of books will be found in Vol. XLIII, pp. 110, 112 and 192; Vol. XLIV, pp. 217, 263 and 386.

Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.

Boys' Singing in Sunday School.

By Ida Hyde.

In all of our Sunday Schools we have boys who never take part in the singing. They either think they cannot sing and in consequence are afraid to try, or for some reason *won't* try. Let us consider for a moment some essential features of successful Sunday School singing and perhaps we may discover a reason for the boys' seeming backwardness, and also gain a point or two that may aid us in getting help from them.

First, there must be a competent

chorister. If any officer in the Sunday School can get the boys to sing it will be he, provided he goes at it in the right way. There are certain qualifications one needs in order to be a successful chorister and it might be well here to touch upon them. He should understand his work. Any one can swing a baton, but to do it right he must know *how*. Even at its best, the beating of time is but a small part of the singing. I have seen choristers who could beat time but could get but very few to sing. There was something lacking. You must feel the words and music and when you sing, sing with spirit and life and arouse the

music that is within those about you. No chorister can hope to make a success of leading if he has not the interest of the school at heart, and a desire to perform his part well. Above all things when he sees, as he is sure to, the backwardness of the boys, his special interest should be with them, both in and out of Sunday School. If he wants them to do anything for him, he must show that he has a personal interest in them. First of all get their confidence, their respect and love. To do this he must always carry himself so as to merit respect. He can't expect a boy to sing for him on Sunday morning if, during the week, he allows in any way the boy's confidence to wane. But when he does get his love, if he keeps it, he can get him to do anything for him, even to sing in Sunday School.

Second, an efficient organist. No one can sing properly with a poor accompaniment, and often for that one reason many of us do not attempt to sing at all. So the organist must know how to play and should love to do it. Mechanical playing will not do. He must put his very soul into his playing, and in order to do this, must needs understand the nature of the selections,—the words and all about them. The organist, too, should be able to play any of the parts without hesitation, for it is part-singing which makes our Sunday School music so beautiful. Another thing, he must be one with the chorister that they may work together in harmony.

Boys need encouraging, and a little praise goes a long way. They must be made to feel that their Sunday School will never be what it ought to be unless they assist in the singing. Impress upon them the benefit it will be to them. Where it is possible, and it is possible anywhere, if all concerned think so, a boys' singing class would be the best means of getting them to sing on Sundays. Here the chorister could get nearer to the boys and reach them one way or another.

It is seldom that you can approach two boys in the same way. You must *know* them and understand their natures. A chorister told me the other day that it took more tact to get boys to sing in Sunday School than it did for any other thing. Adapt the pieces you sing to the boys. At first, sing the songs that you find will appeal to them most and then when the desire to sing is created, any Sunday School song will be sweet to them. I believe any one can sing if he tries, but few of our boys think so. They imagine that there is no music in them, and that if they sing in Sunday School they will be laughed at. Show them that this is a mistaken idea, and get them to sing. Above all things don't get out of patience with the boys, don't get discouraged but work hard with a prayerful spirit and success is sure.

Just bring about the condition where the boys, instead of saying "I can't sing," or "I won't sing," say "I want to," and "I'll try," and practically the whole school will be singing. The order is sure to be better and there will be more unity throughout. Music is the life of our worship. A little is good, but more is so much better. If all sing and sing with vim and spirit, how beautiful and inspiring it is! When once we get the singing in our Sunday Schools up to the standard we desire it, our schools will progress more rapidly along other lines.

If the boys can be reached, and they surely can, their singing will do them as much good, if not more, than it does the Sunday School. It brings out their finer feelings and awakens in them new desires and new ideals. They will be living in a new world, as it were, desirous of serving God in song and of making themselves more useful in any capacity in the ward. If a young man goes on a mission, his ability to sing will be of untold value to him. "Music hath charms" we are told. Often you can reach the heart by a song, when all other means fail.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

PARENTS' CLASSES AND BETTERMENT LEAGUES.

By Heber Scowcroft, Weber Stake.

It lies within the power of Parents' Classes to become the chief support and most valuable assistants to the cause of civic betterment, because it is to the parents and to the home-builders that the Betterment Leagues must largely look for aid if the work of the league shall become effective.

This assistance, however, should be rendered by the Parents' Classes as such, rather than by resolving these classes into Betterment Leagues. The Parents' Classes have practically in their keeping the building up of the home and the improvement of the moral, social and spiritual conditions of the people in general, but are not organized to take up what we may term purely Betterment League work. These two organizations may and should work together towards the accomplishment of the same desired end, but necessarily along different lines, because of the difference in their work.

Parents' Classes arouse people to a better life and a better observance of the moral law in the home and in society. Through the ballot they exercise the power to elect men to office who will control that element of the community which defies existing laws and destroys the welfare of a community for the sake of personal monetary benefits. The Betterment League should handle the civic phase of this problem by securing the rigid enforcement of the law, because, after all, to the laxity of the enforcement of the law and the ascendancy of the sporting and law evading element must be ascribed the greater source of moral delinquency. The duties and prerogatives of a Betterment League, are, therefore, to remove the cause of that delinquency, and compell public officers to rigidly enforce the statutes regulating any conditions that threaten the moral welfare of a community.

The two organizations may and should work in harmony for the betterment of the morals of a community. The Parents' Classes plead the affirmative; the better life, the better home, teaching and developing the higher ideals; while the position of the Betterment League is a negative one—that of suppression. It should suppress the gambling which steals the support of the victims' families. It should suppress the liquor dealer who barter in the souls of men and destroys family happiness. It should suppress the social evil which blights the flower of virtue. It is its duty to suppress that evil of the candy shop, the cigar store and of the pool room which harbors boys of tender years and encourages them in the violation of law and decency. On the other hand, it is the duty of the Parents' Classes to create a sentiment for higher moral standards, and then crystallize such sentiment into a power for the support of the Betterment League.

Right here, I think, Parents' Classes show a weakness. Comparatively few topics brought up for discussion in the regular Sunday

morning sessions are followed up and applied in the home and community life. It is deemed sufficient to discuss some particular improvements of social and home life, and to manifest an expressed or apparent awakening or desire to improve such conditions, but this desire dies for the lack of method to carry out the spirit of the discussion, and therefore, the good intentions are frequently lost. In most instances every session closes without any definite steps being taken toward carrying out the sentiments so earnestly expressed. It is at this time that the class supervisor can make his position valuable by crystallizing the results of the discussion into a unification of the sentiments expressed by emphasizing and determining to work towards a specified end. If such unification of sentiment affect general conditions in the stake it ought to be submitted to the next Union meeting and if there approved by the supervisor present, such action ought thereupon to be further submitted to the interested stake or ward authorities.

Some of the problems thus discussed and ready for action, may come wholly within the scope of the mission of the Betterment League, and in that event the stake supervisor should confer with the officers of the League and make known the sentiment created and assure them of the active support of the Parents' Classes. This support can be given in the pulpit, in the Sunday School, and in the most important place of all, in the home. It is not necessary to parade the evils of society or flaunt the civic impurity of our cities and villages before the people, but rather teach the people the better life. If the Betterment League is assured that public sentiment is behind them, they are in a position to demand satisfactory laws from our legislators and the rigid enforcement of these laws from our public officials.

Let me give you a concrete example of what the absence of crystallization of public sentiment means to a public official. One of the Betterment Leagues of our state insisted that in a certain city saloons should remove all screens, thus giving an unobstructed view of their sales-room, and also that they should close their places of business at 7:00 o'clock in the evening. When these recommendations were presented by the league to the mayor of the city, he said: "Gentlemen, I think you are asking for something the people do not want. But if you can demonstrate that public sentiment desires the reforms you ask, I shall be pleased to co-operate with you, and think you will secure them." The committee knew the sentiments of the majority of the citizens of that community, but they did not have it crystallized in such form as to enable them to say, that one thousand or five thousand citizens demanded this change, and consequently the ear of the politician was not affected and the league failed to have its request granted.

If all Parents' Classes situated in that city had previously demonstrated that they were behind the Betterment League in this matter, and assured them of their support by voice and vote, then I think a different color to the situation would have been presented. In this case, earnest and united action won. The saloon men had their paid attorneys plead for their cause, and therefore the saloon and its money won out. While it was the saloon against the home, and the gambling den against the fireside, yet the home and the fireside were neither united nor or-

ganized, and consequently the saloon and the gambling den won the day. A most severe indictment and a significant index of the fact, that the office-holding part of our community doubts the real sincerity of their fellow citizens; and it also demonstrates the inability of the law abiding citizens to enforce their wishes against the united action of the law breakers and their victims. Well did Burke say "When the bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."

THE PARENTS' CLASS AS A MOVING FORCE.

By Julia Lyman, Parowan Stake.

The capabilities of Parents' Classes as a moving force can not be questioned, provided the power, strength and fortitude existing in that body are really put into action. More is expected of this department in the Sunday School than of any other. Parents must get at the root of existing evils, and work together for their suppression. Not in a meddling manner, nor by undertaking to accomplish things where failure is staring them in the face, nor by acting on the spur of the moment; but with proper understanding of facts, with forethought and with the determination that they intend only to work for the advancement of their community. They must throw their personal influence and interest into the scales of action, so that the same may be felt outside of Sunday morning meetings. Our strength lies in untiring efforts and united action. Where numbers and strength of purpose means power, the shirking of responsibility injures the machinery of action. It is not only honorable, but it is inspiring and uplifting to be one of the elements in a moving force, which secures the betterment of any community. Consequently, the important mission of Parents' Classes is action, and the application of each lesson discussed. We must not be satisfied with anything short of carrying out and putting into actual use and effect the aim of each lesson which is applicable to our community. The aim of a lesson may be understood, but if it is not applied, it will soon be forgotten. There need be no particular noise about the matter. Committees appointed to handle any particular work should do it quietly, and rather listen to the inward hope that whispers triumph, than surrender to the outward bold and daring display. In appointing committees to handle problems or further the work outside of the department, intelligent supervision and engineering is absolutely essential. Many different opinions must be considered, and sometimes existing conditions and established customs require careful thought. To be abreast of the times and see things as they actually are, and then suggest practical means of reform, demands real and actual campaigning. This is not necessarily a burden. Indeed, if properly handled, it may become a matter of pleasure; for after all, work half done is of little satisfaction. If Parents' Classes are to become a moving force in the community, they must not only discuss problems, but they must inaugurate such community-action, as will produce lasting and beneficial results.

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

"The Unknown God."

Paul thought that the enumeration of the visible objects of art with which Athens was crowded, gave evidence of their "carefulness in religion." In fact his contemporaries thought the same, as represented by Josephus. Isocrates and Plato boasted of the same, and such visitors as Livy and Julian were impressed with the same view. The Roman satirist declared that it was easier to find a god in Athens than a man. Yet these same objects that reveal the presence of religion, also reveal the worthless character of the religion. It gratified one's desire for art and pleasure, but had little moral value. One's excitement was kept up by gay processions, ceremonies and feasts, but this had no tendency to make one holy or draw him nearer to God. It gave one no power over one's self. Their religion appealed only to the taste, and such a religion is as weak as one which appeals solely to the intellect. Their religion simply deified human attributes and the powers of nature. The Greek never tried to rise above this world. The world was everything to him. All his life the Greek gratified his taste and exercised his intellect, but remained ignorant of God. The want of depth was recorded in the stones. A Roman tells us that in time of any great calamity, such as an earthquake, the Greeks were accustomed to pray, not to a divinity, but to a god expressed in some vague language, as avowedly *unknown*. The Athenians thus acknowledged by their inscription "To the unknown God." their ignorance of religion.

Conybeare says: "The most shameful profligacy was encouraged by the public works of art, by the popular belief concerning the character of the gods, and by the ceremonies of the established worship. "The Roman phil-

osopher, Seneca, says: "No other effect could possibly be produced, but that all shame on account of sin must be taken away from men, if they believe in such god."

St. Augustine said: "Plato himself, who saw well the depravity of the Grecian gods and has seriously censured them better deserves to be called a god than those ministers of sin."

Paul, seeing this condition was prepared to speak, and he spoke with tact, but with feeling.

Under What Conditions Should the Theological Class be Divided?

The consideration of this topic at the conventions thus far held reveals the fact that in some stakes there are no schools in which the Theological class is divided, although in some of these schools the pupils vary greatly in age and ability. We have recently heard of schools where the Theological classes are studying the "Articles of Faith" with mature men and women, and boys of fifteen years in the same class. It is not surprising that some of these boys have to be put on the front seat under the eye of the teacher in order to keep them out of mischief. These youths, if under sixteen, should be in the Second Intermediate department. If they have been regularly promoted to the Theological department they might be allowed to remain, but they should be in a class by themselves, and should be studying the second year course.

How to Increase Attendance.

It is sometimes held that these ungraded classes mentioned above are too small to divide. This may be true, figured on the basis of present attendance. It has been found, how-

ever, that in many cases where the division is made and the work properly adapted to the pupils, the attendance can be more than doubled. So that instead of having one poorly attended, poorly graded, and poorly interested class, it is possible to have two classes, either one of which is superior to the class held before division was made. It takes a little extra effort to obtain this result, but it is worth while.

Co-operation.

Theological teachers should be in harmony with the Stake Union in the lessons for each month. This is necessary in order that they may get help at their union meetings, not only from stake workers, but also from each other. The best results come from specialization together with co-operation.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Fourth Year Bible Lesson 55.

II Kings 21-23; II. Chron. 33-35.

The good reign of Hezekiah was followed by the reign of Manasseh, one of the most wicked kings of Judah. Manasseh reversed the good order of things accomplished by Hezekiah. The broken idols were restored, the altar for Baal was replaced, a grove was instituted. He used enchantments; dealt with familiar spirits and wizards. In general he seduced the people to commit all the evil that his despicable imagination could invent.

"And the Lord spake through his servants the prophets, saying, 'Because Manasseh, King of Judah, hath done these abominations * * * Behold, I am bringing such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah that whosoever heareth of it, both his ears shall tingle * * * and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.'"

It is a noteworthy fact that such wrath was not expressed until great and persistent persuasion had been resorted to. God pleaded with His people, pleaded mightily for them to desist from their evil practices, to clean up their habits of life. He implored through Jeremiah, 7:5-7: "For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your do-

ings; if ye thoroughly execute judgment between a man and his neighbor; if ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your hurt; Then will I cause you to dwell in this place, in the land that I gave to your fathers, forever and ever."

The sorrow of the Lord for His people on account of their wickedness is intense. Jer. 13:15 and 17.

"Hear ye, and give ear: be not proud for the Lord hath spoken.

* * * * *

"But if ye will not hear, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride; and mine eye shall weep sore, and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is carried away captive."

Jer. 13:1-11 contains a fine similitude of the destruction to come.

The army of Esarhaddon conquered Jerusalem, carried Manasseh in chains to Babylon, and cast him into a dungeon. Here he had leisure for thought; and the remembrance of what he had lost, and how he had lost it, filled him with poignant sorrow. At length his heart was softened: he wept, and turned repentingly to God, from whom he had revolted. God heard his moaning, had pity upon him, and forgave him. The successor to Escar-

haddon restored him to his kingdom and the rest of his life was spent in trying to undo the evil he had done. His reign of fifty-five years was the longest which occurred in either Judah or Israel.

How intense must have been the suffering of this king, fettered and bound, in the dark atmosphere of a foreign dungeon, left alone with his thoughts! What remorse and anguish must have harassed his soul, at the consciousness of the degradation and suffering he had caused! What consuming fire must have been required to bring about his penitence!

He was forgiven, but could he forget?

Amon, his son, succeeded at the age of twenty-two. But, although brought up in the best days of his father, he followed the example of the worst. He was slain in a conspiracy by his own servants, after a short reign of two years.

BOOK OF LAW DISCOVERED.

Book of the Law—essentially Deut. 12-28. Discovered in the temple at Jerusalem, by Hilkiah the high priest, in the eighteenth year of the reign of Josiah, when the temple was being expurged of its idols, and restored to the condition for which it was intended.

The Book was written by Moses and originally was placed beside the ark. It contained the prophecies of Moses regarding the future of the people of Israel, foretelling the desolation of the land and the ruin of the temple.

"And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord, thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth.

"But if it shall come to pass if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments and his statutes which I command thee this day, that curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee.

"The Lord will make the pestilence

cleave unto thee, until he have consumed thee from off the land whither thou goest to possess it.

"The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from afar, a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand. A nation of fierce countenance which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favor to the young:

"And he shall eat the fruit of thy cattle, and the fruit of thy land, until thou be destroyed: which also shall not leave thee either corn, wine, or oil, or the increase of thy kin, or flocks of thy sheep, until he have destroyed thee."

The extent of the destruction that was to reward their debaucheries was so gruesome that after the lapse of thirty-five centuries the thought of it makes one shudder. Is it any wonder then that King Josiah rent his clothes and wept before the Lord.

He sent to the prophetess, Hulda and had the denunciation confirmed, whereupon he threw himself into the work of expurgation with the zeal of a master.

The idols were broken, the high places destroyed, the necromancers cast out, Tophet defiled, vessels for worship of Baal broken and ground to powder, the grove destroyed, and its graven image in the temple also ground to dust, the priests of Baal were killed; in short, the religious observances underwent a complete renovation. No king surpassed, or perhaps equalled Josiah in well directed zeal for the Lord, and in efforts to extirpate idolatry and restore the true religion.

Notwithstanding the sincerity of Josiah, "the Lord turned not from the fierceness of His great wrath, because of all of the provocations that Manasseh had provoked him withal."

However, such sincerity and devotion merited reward, and thus the following promise:

" * * * To the king of Judah, thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Because thine heart was tender and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord, and hast rent thy clothes and wept before me, I also have heard thee, saith the Lord.

"Behold therefore, I will gather thee unto thy fathers, and thou shalt be gath-

ered into thy grave in peace; and thy eyes shall not see all the evil which I will bring upon this place."

A signal warning is expressed in the lives of these two kings, Manasseh and Josiah. The acts of their reigns are exactly proportionate to the influences of their youth.

Manasseh, son of a righteous father, at twelve, was thrown under the influence of evil counselors who corrupted his desires. Josiah, the son of a debauched father, at eight, placed under the tutelage of the high priest was imbued with the heart throbs of brotherly kindness.

This might suggest the character of companions one should seek.

Josiah, having pledged support to the Assyrian king, went out to intercept the invading army of the Egyptians and was mortally wounded. This occurred in the year 606 B. C., the thirty-fifth year of his reign. He was survived by three sons, Eliakim, Shal-lum, or Jehoahaz, and Zedekiah, the second of whom was made king by the people. He reigned three months and was carried captive to Egypt by Necho who bestowed the crown upon Eliakim, changing him name to Jehoiakim, in token of subjection. Jehoiakim, made vassal to Nebuchadnezzar, caused his ill favor by untimely revolt, whereupon Jerusalem was besieged, and hostages, among whom was Daniel, were carried away; the temple was robbed of its sacred vessels, which were lodged in the temple of Behu at Babylon. Jehoiakim was carried captive Babylon, and his son, Jehoiakim, was placed on the throne.

This prince was so depraved that three months constituted his tenure in office. He was deposed by Nebuchadnezzar, who placed Zedekiah the youngest son of Josiah, in his stead.

In consequence of the revolt of Zedekiah, the Babylonian king invaded Judaea with a great army. Jerusalem, after resisting a siege for eighteen months, surrendered to grateful car-

nage. People, young or old, were slaughtered wherever they appeared. Even the sacred courts of the temple streamed with blood. All the portable wealth of the temple was seized and sent to Babylon. All the people of note, all craftsmen were taken away and only the very poor left to inhabit the impoverished land.

Zedekiah, with his family and some friends, contrived to escape by a secret gate, but were captured. His sons were slaughtered before his eyes, and then his eyes were put out, making the slaughter of his children the last sight on which his tortured memory could dwell.

Thus were fulfilled the terrible prophecies of Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah and others.

LESSON 56.

The three books outlined for this lesson are short, and the teachers, by making thoughtful eliminations, should be able to conduct a very interesting and valuable lesson.

NOTES.

1. Grove—a place shaded by trees where idolaters used to worship.

2.

JUDAH.

Manasseh, B. C. 698-643.
Amon, B. C. 643-641.
Josiah, B. C. 641-606.
Jehoahaz, B. C. 609.
Jehoiakim, B. C. 609-599.
Zedekiah, B. C. 599-588.

EGYPT.

Psammetichus, B. C. 664-612.
Necho, B. C. 612-596.

BABYLON.

Nabopolassar, died B. C. 604.
Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 604-562.

3. Jerusalem captured—588 B. C.
Ninevah destroyed—606 B. C.
Solon, lawgiver at Athens—594 B. C.

Tarquinius Priscus, king of Rome—
610 B. C.
Cyrene founded—630 B. C.

PROPHETS.

4. Zephaniah—630 B. C.
Jeremiah—628 B. C.
Habakkuk—607 B. C.
Daniel—603 B. C.
Ezekiel—594 B. C.
Obadiah—587 B. C.

5. Zephaniah seems to have been most responsible for the rousing of Josiah to his noble activity.

6. Jeremiah—native of Anothoth, a place about three miles north of Jerusalem.

7. Habakkuk pointed out in sublimity of style the consolations which the faithful might still claim. He prophesied during Jehoiakim's reign.

8. Deuteronomy was the "Book of the Law" required to be written out by each king on his accession, and was read before the people every seven years, at the Feast of Tabernacles, until it was lost. It is believed that besides Deuteronomy there existed at that time parts of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers.

Truths which might be learned from these lessons:

1. God feels deeply for His people.
2. In His divine justice He cannot forever allow wickedness to remain unpunished.
3. Evil can be forgiven but never completely forgotten.
4. No matter how far a person has proceeded down the course of immorality, repentance is a paving proposition.
5. A person can be no better than his desires.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good who are accustomed to do evil." Jer. 13: 23.

—C. Ray Bradford.

Second Year Lessons for July.

The first two lessons for July take up a number of chapters in the Book of Mormon. This will necessitate thorough preparation on the part of the teachers, to enable them to select the most essential parts of the chapters, and to assign those parts for home preparation.

LESSON 55.

Time: 62 to 85, the reign of the Judges, or 30 to 7 B. C.

Reference for Study: Page 277, Dictionary B. of M., Chap. 37 and 38, Story of the Book of Mormon.

Some of the truths found in lesson:
Love for riches and the pride of the world will bring nations and individuals to destruction.

The wicked are angry when accused of their evil deeds; the repentant are willing to acknowledge their guilt and turn from their sins.

Lay up treasures in heaven, rather than seek for worldly things.

Illustration:

Trial of David Patten and Warren Parrish; Life of David Patten, page 47 to 49, or Leaves from My Journal, pp. 22-23.

Memory Gem:

Matt. 10: 17-20.

Application:

1. None are too young to be God's servants.

2. Just as the little foxes spoil the vine, so the little deeds make up a great life.

3. If the small duties of life are performed the best we know, God will inspire us and prepare us for the greater duties of life, and His Spirit will be with us to deliver us from temptation.

LESSON 56.

Time: 86 to 90, reign of the Judges.

Reference for study: Page 321, Dictionary Book of Mormon, Chap. 39, Story of the Book of Mormon.

Some of the truths found in lesson:

God sends His prophets to call the wicked to repentance and to warn them of His judgments before He sends them. Often the wicked are

spared for the sake of the righteous. The Lord requires a thankful heart at all times for His blessings.

Those who seek for happiness by indulging in the follies of the world will never find it, because it is contrary "to the nature of that righteousness which is our great and eternal aim."

God protects His servants when they are doing their duty.

Illustrations:

Mother Whitmer sees the Gold Plates, p. 653, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Nov. 1, 1907, Chap. 6, Leaves from My Journal. Labors in the Vineyard, p. 75.

Application:

Blessings received from keeping the word of wisdom.

Paying tithing.

Being kind to those in need.

Assisting those at home.

Attending Sunday School.

Performing duties required in different associations and priesthood.

LESSON 57.

Time: 91, reign of Judges (600 years from time Lehi left Jerusalem) to 13 A. D.

References: Part of chap. 40, Story of the Book of Mormon.

Leading Events:

Nephi disappears after giving the

records and sacred things to his son Nephi.

Day set apart for the believers to be destroyed unless the promised signs are given.

Nephi's prayer and the answer.

The promised signs appear.

The righteous strive to live better, the wicked become more hardened.

Time of reckoning changed.

Suggested Aims:

To show that the words of God's prophets are always fulfilled.

To show that the wicked cannot be converted by the most marvelous signs.

Memorize III Nephi, 1:20.

Illustrations:

Joseph Smith's prophecy to Stephen A. Douglas.

Joseph Smith's prophecy of the Civil War. The Latter-day Prophet, pp. 185 and 186.

Application: (to modern times.)

Prophecies concerning:

Coming forth of the Book of Mormon, Isa. chap. 29. Latter Days, Isa. 2:2, 3, 4.

Second coming of the Savior, Malachi, 3:1, 2. Matt. 24:30-31.

Kind of lives we should be living to be prepared to meet the Savior.

—Lovenia Copley Walker.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

The Bad Boy in Warm Weather

These be the months that try teachers souls! In winter when the winds howl and the snows descend, and either the mud is deep or the thermometer is near Zero the inside of the school room looks and feels good to the growing boy. But in July and the two or

three months before and thereafter, it is another story. Now it is outdoors that life is alluring. The shady nook, the gentle breeze, the myriad forms of animate nature, all call to us and unfold charms that make the school room seem a place to be sought only when changing seasons bring us again to a falling temperature.

During the warm weather the desire to be outdoors; to be on vacation; to go to the country, if town dwellers, or to the canyons and mountains, or to the seaside, becomes strong in all normal beings. How much more strong is this impulse in the rugged growing boy. To him all nature seems to call aloud to come out into the open. To leave behind books and everything associated with them. The impulse to be alert is almost overwhelming. He jostles his neighbor; pinches and pulls his boy friends; teases the girls of the class and drives the teacher almost to distraction. What should be done with him? It will not do to allow the class to be upset by such a boy. It is proper to look after the lost sheep; but the ninety and nine must not be allowed to starve while we seek the one straggler. What then is best to do? Sometimes a teacher has allowed such a boy to gradually absent himself from session after session, and has felt a measure of relief in the quiet resulting from the departure of the unruly. But what of the boy? Now that the restraining influence of the Sunday School is lacking, what other influence takes its place? Our suggestion is this:

At all times, and particularly during the warm weather, see that the temperature of your class-room is as comfortable as possible with plenty of fresh air.

Be sure that you are well prepared on the lesson for the day, and that you understand and appreciate it yourself.

Encourage every pupil in the class to take active part in the exercises. The more active the child the more necessary that the activity be directed in proper channels.

Be just. The keenest critics in the

world are children. Professions of love for them amount to nothing unless the acts of Sunday and of every day clearly show that your love is real and not feigned. Love unfeigned can only be shown by giving to every child "A square deal." Boys particularly are quick to feel any lack of appreciation of them and their efforts.

The above simple rules followed carefully will do much to simplify the duties of the class-room. And now in conclusion—are careless boys, dull boys, noisy boys worth the effort necessary to get them to overcome these characteristics? We certainly think they are.

None of us can fathom the workings of the human mind, and particularly in childhood. When James Watts, who first applied the power of steam to useful purposes, was a boy, he sat watching the steam as it poured forth from the spout of the tea-kettle. Once in a while the pressure would become too great, and the lid would be lifted only to settle back in its place when the bulk of the steam had escaped. The mother looking at the boy as he sat with head leaning upon his arm, chided him for his listless idleness, while, as a matter of fact, the thoughtful boy's mind was at that moment mastering an idea that he later applied and opened the door for the use of a power that has since revolutionized the motive power of the world.

Another illustration is in the case of Oliver Goldsmith. At school he was never up to the standard of the average pupil. He was deemed dull, and by some almost a blockhead, yet by application he became an author whose fame will endure as long as the English language.

Primary and Kindergarten Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, Robert L. McGhie.

Kindergarten Work for August.

[Material for these lessons furnished by Sister Marion Belnap.]

Nature Thought—The Sunshine, the grain and the harvest. The story entitled "The Sunbeams" found on page one hundred and thirty of the March JUVENILE of this year, suggests some of the work the sunshine has to do. The children readily under-

stand the effect of the sun's rays upon the grain and the fruits. Think of the varieties of fruits and vegetables with their many shapes and colors, that an all-wise Providence has given for our pleasure. What a dark, gloomy, lifeless world this would be without the great sun upon whose warm rays nearly all life depends!

Song for the Month—"Stand for the Right."

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

1. Lis - ten, my boy, I've a word or you, And this is the
 2. And you, lit - tle girl, I've a word for you, It is the

word, be true, be true, At work or at play, in
 same, be true, be true, For truth is the sun and

darkness or light, Be true, be true, and stand for the right.
 falsehood the night, Be true, dear maid, and stand for the right.

Rest Exercise—"The Finger Tips."

THE FINGER TIPS.

- 1 Ten little finger-tips, five on each hand,
Ten little finger-tips, in a row they stand.
- 2 Ten little finger-tips, waiting work to do,
Ten little finger-tips, now they bow to you.
- 3 Ten little finger-tips, pink and fat and round,
Ten little finger-tips, in mischief never found.
- 4 Ten little finger-tips, kept so very neat,
- 5 Dainty little playthings, watch them lightly meet.
- 6 Ten little finger-tips, now a kiss they throw,
- 7 Now they say good-bye, and out of sight they go.

Motions.

- 1 Hold up both hands, fingers and thumbs outspread.
- 2 Move fingers forward.
- 3 Close hands quickly.
- 4 Look at finger-tips closely.
- 5 Touch finger-tips together.
- 6 Bring fingers to lips and "throw" a kiss.
- 7 Hands behind back
Memory gem. (See page 371.)

AUGUST—FIRST SUNDAY.

Subject—Joseph's First Vision.

Text—History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 2-6. One Hundred Years of Mormonism (Evans), pp. 14-18. A Brief History of the Church (E. H. Anderson), pp. 15-18. History of Joseph Smith (Lucy Smith), pp. 74-76.

Time—One beautiful morning in the spring of 1820.

Place—In a grove near the home at Manchester.

Aim—Earnest effort to prepare one's self for the work of the Lord is rewarded.

SUGGESTIONS.

Joseph, the fourth son in the family, had worked earnestly with his brothers

to assist the father in making a comfortable home for the family. During the winter months he attended the village school, where he learned to read and write and work simple problems in arithmetic. For habits of industry and thoughtfulness beyond his years, he was highly respected among the neighbors.

The Smith family being religiously inclined, it is no wonder that Joseph was intensely interested in these religious revivals. He noticed that although great love was expressed by the converts at the time of their conversion, that love soon vanished and contention and strife, priest against priest, and convert against convert, took its place.

Joseph was at a loss to know which of all these churches was the true one, but how should he find out? So earnest was he that he went to the Bible again and again, hoping that he might find something there. He found in James first chapter and fifth verse that which seemed to exactly fit his case, so he went, nothing daunted, to offer his first audible prayer. Who of all the Church today, with his testimonies and his blessings, has the faith that was expressed by that fourteen year old boy? What a glorious vision he beheld! But Satan, the same then as he is today, tried to overpower him. With all the strength he could muster he cried aloud to God to deliver him from this strange unseen power. The Father, willing to give aid to all those who diligently seek him, appeared in a heavenly vision with his Son Jesus. They told to Joseph that which was not only a boon to him, but which is a blessing to the whole world.

Application—We can put forth effort by putting into practice every week the truths we learn in Sunday School.

Illustration—"Jim's Charge."

JIM'S CHARGE.

"What! another patient," exclaimed

Jim's mother, looking up from her sewing as her lame son hobbled into the room, a crutch under one arm and an ugly mongrel puppy under the other.

"Yes, mother; but this one won't trouble us long, I can cure him in no time. See, his poor little foot has been badly hurt." And Jim put forward the cut paw of the whining little creature that licked his hands and seemed as grateful for attention as a dumb creature could be.

"I found him in an alley where some bad boys had left him. See the ugly wounds on his side, too. The wretches! There are some boys I'd like to be able to lick—I'd like to make 'em howl with pain!" finished Jim savagely, as he examined the puppy.

"Well, Jim," returned his mother, "you are a small humane society all by yourself. That makes the fourth dog this winter, and I don't know how many cats and kittens; and now the bird season is upon us, and I suppose we shall have to enlarge the infirmary. Lucky, isn't it, that we can afford to board them!"

She spoke cheerfully, even with a gleam of fun in her eyes, but she sighed and looked careworn as Jim went out with his burden. After a while he reappeared with, "Mother, if you haven't anything for me to do, I believe I'll go out to the ball ground and watch the game."

"Very well, Jamie; only be back about five o'clock, as I shall want you to carry this dress home."

Although Jim was very lame, he was active, and never thought of letting his mother bring in wood or water. He was always ready to do anything for her, and was proud when he could take her a few cents that he had earned by doing errands for others. There was one thing though he could not do: he could not play ball like his schoolmates, or join in any of the sports in which boys with two good legs indulged.

"Oh," he thought, as he wistfully

looked on the game, "if I could only run like Smith! I wonder if he knows what a beautiful thing it is! And then if I could run I could do other things; I could some day be able to support poor mother, and—oh, I'd like to go about so much and do good to people."

The tears sprang in his eyes; wicked rebellious thoughts came, too. He looked with envy upon the lads who laughed and raced with such reckless freedom.

Mothers and sisters sat in carriages at a little distance, watching the game and ready to take a son or brother home when he was ready. Why should they have everything and he have so little? mused Jim. If his mother only had time to sit at leisure that way!

"A fine day, sonny, and a fine game," remarked a young man, coming up to the absorbed lad. Jim glanced up, but made no answer; he was not in a mood to talk.

"You'd like to play ball, too, wouldn't you?" was the next comment.

That was too much, and Jim's eyes brimmed over.

"I knew it by the way you looked," continued the stranger in pleasant tones. "Now, look here, little man, here is something you hadn't thought of; God has given them two good strong legs and some other things he has not given you?" He paused, and Jim looked up in his face wonderingly.

Yes, he knew that very well, he thought, but he said nothing. "And," continued the young man with emphasis, "he has given you lameness."

Jim looked puzzled. He knew that, too, but was not that a hindrance? What did that young man mean?

After a moment's pause, in which the kind eyes looked earnestly into Jim's pale face, the speaker went on: "Many of these boys care nothing but for fun and play, and they fritter their lives away, some of them. They will

never become earnest and useful men."

"Oh, I see," cried Jim in a burst of enthusiasm. "A feller don't need two legs to be that?"

"No, and sometimes good things are our actual hindrances, while your lame leg may be the very thing to make a man of you; God doesn't make mistakes, my boy. He has been good to you, and will be if you will let him." And the young man passed on, leaving Jim with his new thoughts. He stood for a while absorbed, unconscious of everything about, then, suddenly calling his crutch into action, he hobbled home as fast as he could go.

His mother glanced anxiously at the clock as he entered, then turned to her son with a question she did not ask. There was something in it she had never seen there before, a light, a joy far beyond the expression to which she was accustomed.

"Oh, mother," he exclaimed rapturously, "I've got my charge!"

"Your charge, Jamie?"

"Yes, mother, I don't know what else to call it, and you know we sing, 'A charge to keep I have.' Well, mother, I've got mine. It makes me so happy."

This happiness was reflected in his mother's face. When he was able to tell her intelligently of what the young man had said, he added, "And I was thinking about it, and being so glad that God really did want me for something in the world, I thought, 'And now what can I do when I'm a man?' And it came to me as sudden as that," snapping his fingers. "I'll be a doctor, mother, don't you see that was what I was cut out for?"

"You'd make a good one, I'm sure, Jamie, but—"

"Now, mother, don't; I know your thinking how I'm going to get my education and all that, but see just now I have only to study hard at school and practice on my dumb patients, then, after a while, there is Professor Lanton, he'd help me night and day, I

know he would, and I could do chores or writing for him. As for the rest, God will open the way. He will, never you fear, mother."

And God did open the way. From that day Jim seemed imbued with new life.

He is now an eminent physician, and no man of his profession is more welcome in the sick room, more helpful and happy everywhere, than the once poor, disconsolate, crippled Jim.—Selected.

AUGUST—SECOND SUNDAY.

Subject—The Book of Mormon Revealed.

Text—History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 11-15. One Hundred Years of Mormonism (Evans), pp. 39-45. A Brief History of the Church (E. H. Anderson), pp. 18-23. History of the Prophet Joseph Smith (Lucy Smith), pp. 77-80.

Aim—Earnest effort to prepare one's self for the work of the Lord is rewarded.

SUGGESTIONS.

During the three and one half years following Joseph's prayer in the woods, he continued working on his father's farm and the farms of some of his neighbors. Many ridiculed him because he said he had seen a vision, and many temptations came in his way, but he tried to overcome them and live as one called by God ought to live. After having retired for the night of September 21st, 1823, Joseph prayed earnestly to God to forgive him for all his wrong doings, and show him whether or not he was worthy to be the instrument in bringing forth the Gospel to this dispensation. How was this prayer answered? The Urim and Thummim consisted of two stones set in silver bows and fastened to a breast-plate.

We can imagine only the great effort that must have been put forth by that

young man to overcome the temptations that were placed in his pathway. What a great responsibility rested upon his shoulders! God has revealed His will to His prophets in all dispensations, but to Joseph Smith belongs the honor of being the instrument of God in restoring the Gospel to the earth in this the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times.

Application—We can put forth effort by thinking twice before we speak angry words to our playmates.

Illustration—A good negative illustration is "The Visit of the Millionaire Brownie," in *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, June, 1910, p. 321.

AUGUST—THIRD SUNDAY.

Subject—The Delivery of the Plates.

Text—History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 15-18. One Hundred Years of Mormonism (Evans), pp. 42-50. A Brief History of the Church (E. H. Anderson), pp. 20-24. History of the Prophet Joseph Smith (Lucy Smith), pp. 82-86.

Aim—Earnest effort to prepare one's self for the work of the Lord is rewarded.

SUGGESTIONS.

Immediately after telling his father of the angel Moroni's visit, Joseph went to the Hill Cumorah which is about four miles south of Manchester. This hill is larger than any of the others surrounding it. On his way there, he was tempted several times to take the plates and sell them and thus relieve the family of poverty. Wealth and ease, instead of toil and persecution would easily appeal to a boy eighteen years of age. How did he find the box which contained the records? This box was made by placing four smooth stones upright on a fifth, and cementing the jointings together to prevent moisture from entering it. Within this box, on two stones lying

crosswise of the bottom, lay the sacred treasure.

Why did not the angel permit Joseph to take the plates? Joseph prayed earnestly that he might have strength to overcome his faults. What chance was given him to prove himself faithful? What was the final reward? These records consisted of a great many gold plates nearly as thick as common tin. They were about seven by eight inches in size, and were bound together by three rings running through holes in the edges of the plates. This made the plates like a book, so that they might be turned as the leaves of a book are turned.

(The teacher can show how the box was made by placing books in that position. They can also show how the plates were arranged by arranging sheets of paper.)

Application—We can put forth effort by thinking twice before we do unkind acts.

Illustration—"George Reynolds."

GEORGE REYNOLDS.

George was a little boy who was born on New Year's Day, way over in England. When he became nine years of age, he went to live with his grandmother in a large house in London. He was smaller than many nine year old boys, and was afraid of the dark and the moonlight and ghosts.

Mary was a little maid who worked for an old lady who rented part of the house from George's grandmother. "Mary, are you afraid of ghosts?" asked George one day.

"Why, no," replied Mary. "I don't believe in such things as ghosts. Are you afraid of them, George?"

"Yes, I am," George answered, "that's why I don't like to be alone in the dark."

This was the first time George had ever ventured to speak to Mary, though they lived in the same house. But after this strange introduction,

George and Mary became fast friends.

One day George said, "Do you ever go to church, Mary?"

"Why—yes," answered Mary, of course I do. I go every Sunday when my mistress will let me."

"Oh, where do you go?" asked George, delightedly.

"Why—I go to Paddington, to a new church over there."

"Will you take me with you?"

"Of course, George, if your grandmother will let you go."

So off George ran to his grandmother and begged her to let him go with Mary to the new church in Paddington. Grandma was herself religious, so she saw no reason why George should not go with Mary.

The next Sunday, Mary took George with her to Paddington. The service was conducted by some Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They spoke of the visions of the prophet, Joseph Smith; of the Book of Mormon, translated from golden plates by means of the Urim and Thummim; and of the restoration of the Gospel of Christ and the re-establishment of His Church.

George believed that this must be the right Church, so he wanted to be baptized, but the Elders didn't care to baptize such a small boy unless his parents consented. His parents did not believe all about Joseph Smith, so they refused their consent.

Finally, when George became fourteen years of age, he was baptized. He tried his best to do everything the Elders wished him to do. If they wanted him to build a fire in the meeting house or dust the benches, he was ready to do it. He went to Sunday School and meeting, and read much about this new Church. One year after his baptism, George was ordained a priest, and was sent out to preach in the streets of London. He wanted everyone else to know about this beautiful Gospel. Once a policeman came and ordered him to stop preaching and move from the corner. Sometimes the

boys would laugh at him because he was so small. George thought that possibly he could do more good if he looked more like a man, so he secured a man's coat and put that on while he preached to the people.

He did so much good that he was made superintendent of the Sunday School at Liverpool, and later made president of the branch. When he was twenty-three years old, he came to Utah.

He was now a man, no longer afraid of ghosts nor policemen. He knew all would be well with him if he just tried to do right.

He has held so many high positions that one can hardly name them all. He was First Assistant General Superintendent of all the Sunday Schools in the world, until just a little while before his death. He has been so earnest and so faithful that all the children and the grown people in Zion love his memory.

(Teachers try to secure a picture of George Reynolds for this Sunday. Do your best to explain in simple words at least some of the positions he held.)

AUGUST—FOURTH SUNDAY.

REVIEW.

SUGGESTIONS.

In reviewing this month find out whether the children have been impressed with the earnest effort put forth by the Prophet Joseph in each one of these lessons. Also see if they realize the blessing Joseph received after he prayed in the woods; that received three and one half years later when the Lord revealed His divine will to this people as He used to do in the days of Moses, and then when Joseph was entrusted with the divine records containing the Book of Mormon which had been hidden away from the eyes of men for fourteen centuries.

Illustration—"Mother's Boy," JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 44, p. 290.

Memory Gem.

"Just a little minute,
Passing on its way.
Tell me what the little minutes say:—
'While I'm passing, use me,
Surely don't abuse me.'
Swift the little minutes fly away."

Rest Exercise.

This is the way we pick the fruit,
We pick the fruit, we pick the fruit,
Oh, this is the way we pick the fruit,
So early in the morning.
(This may be sung to the tune of the
Mulberry Bush, and actions suited to the
words.)

Dan's Fourth of July.

Dan (he wouldn't want me to tell you his other name) was twelve years old. He had red hair and a freckled face; but what was lacking in his appearance was made up in his kind and loving disposition. His trousers were usually ragged, and in the summer time he went barefoot. His father was poor, and, I am sorry to say, lazy.

His mother had to go out to work for their support, and was away from home nearly every day of the week. In consequence of this, Dan was left pretty much to himself, and he spent a good deal of his time on the streets. The only object he had in going home was to eat and sleep. He was happier on the streets with the other boys than he was at home.

The Fourth of July was drawing near, and most of the store windows were filled with firecrackers, Roman candles, skyrockets, and other things which make the heart of the American boy glad at this season of the year.

Many times during the two weeks before the Fourth Dan put his freckled little nose against the store windows and wished that he were able to buy some of the fire-crackers and rockets which he saw inside.

But the store keeper wanted money for the things that Dan wished for, and the little fellow had no money; his father had none, and it took all that his mother earned to keep them.

There was only one way by which Dan could get money, so that he could have a good time with the boys on

the Fourth, and that was to earn it. But how? Many times during those two weeks the little red-headed boy tried to think of some way by which he could earn money, but each time he failed.

It was the day before the Fourth. Dan was sauntering up the street with his hands in the pockets of his ragged trousers, and a feeling of sadness in his little heart. There was very little time left for Dan to earn enough money to get him a few articles with which to celebrate the day of his country's Independence.

He had passed the last store, and was walking out towards the edge of the town. By the side of a creek, filled with water, he passed a little boy and his sister playing on the bridge which spanned the creek, but he barely noticed them, he was so busy with his own thoughts. He had only gone a few yards, however, when he heard a shrill cry, and turning round he saw the little boy wringing his hands and screaming frantically. In an instant Dan knew what had happened—the little girl had fallen into the creek.

Dan ran back, and without waiting to remove any of his clothing, he jumped into the creek and soon had the little one safely on dry ground.

By this time quite a crowd had collected, and many tributes of praise were showered upon the little hero. After the excitement had subsided, Mr. Brown, the child's father, came up. He took Dan over into Baxter's store and bought him a new shirt,

waist, a pair of pants and a cap. He also gave him a dollar which Dan at first refused to accept. He told the boy to come to his house the morning after the Fourth, for he wanted to see him again and do something more for him.

With a happy heart Dan started for the nearest store. Now he could have all that his heart wished for, and could spend as good a Fourth as any of the other boys.

On the way to the store he had to pass the house of Widow Stone. As he came near her place he saw her standing crying at the gate. The doctor had just left the bedside of her little girl, who was very sick with a fever. He had left a prescription for some medicine; but the poor woman did not have the money to get it. Dan asked Mrs. Stone what was the matter and she told him of the sickness of her daughter, and how she was unable to get the medicine.

Dan expressed his sympathy in his childish way, and went on to the store. He stopped to look in at the window, as he had done many times before. He thought of the morrow; but as he did so, the thought of the sick girl and what her mother had said came back to him.

Instead of going into the store, he turned around and walked quietly up the street. When he got to Mrs. Stone's he stopped; there was no one in sight; the front door was closed, so he slipped quietly down the narrow board walk and put his precious dollar under the door; then he ran back to the street.

The next morning Dan was awakened by the sound of fire-crackers, and though he had none, yet in his

heart he felt happy.

He dressed, had his breakfast, and then went up the street to watch the other boys. As he passed the house of Mrs. Stone he stopped to ask how Katie was. With a happy smile her mother answered, 'Oh, she is so much better this morning, almost well; an angel of the Lord came and put a dollar under the door after the doctor had gone yesterday, and with it I bought the medicine. The doctor has just been to see her and says that she will get well. He has been kind, but the Lord has been kinder.'

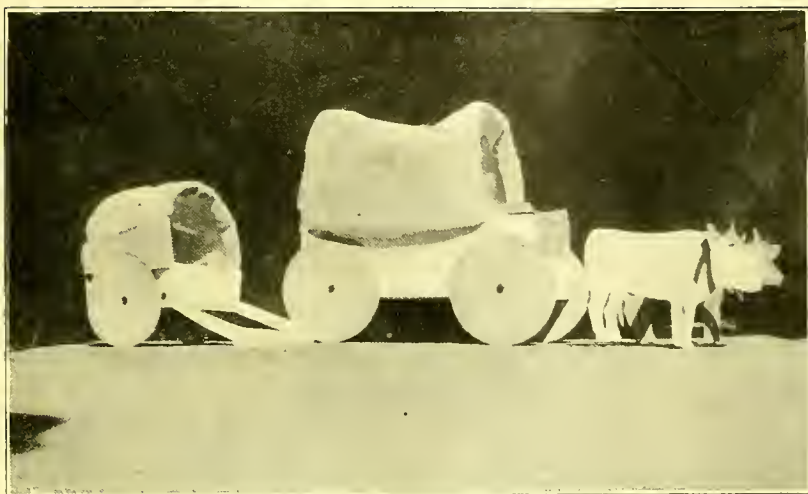
The sound of fire-crackers from the corner reached Dan's ears; he went to join his chums; above the sound of the fire-crackers and the happy shouts of his playmates, Dan seemed to hear a voice saying, "an angel of the Lord came and put a dollar under the door."

He did not know why they did it, but all day long the boys shared their fire-crackers with him. Mr. Brown told his boys to bring Dan home to dinner. He was also invited to stay to supper and witness the fireworks.

Late in the evening Dan went home; he had never been so happy in his life as he had been that day. As he passed the house of Mrs. Stone, a voice whispered in his ear "an angel of the Lord came and put a dollar under the door."

After Dan went to bed he wondered why he had been so happy that day.

Ah, little boy, you did not know it, but that day you fulfilled one of the greatest commands of God by ministering to the wants of the widow and the fatherless; you, like the widow, gave your last mite to the poor and needy, and God looked down from heaven and blessed you for your kind act.



Special Work for the Children's Twenty-Fourth.

By Marion A. Belnap.

There are some of our teachers who have had the privilege of seeing a yoke of oxen at work, but I am sure few of the children have. There are many children in the city wards who have never seen an old-fashioned covered wagon. Pictures of oxen and covered wagons are scarce, and most of those I have seen are quite small. In this day of fast traveling and many conveniences, it is not easy for the children to imagine the hardships endured by the sturdy pioneers, who sacrificed so much for the Gospel that they loved. We as teachers, need all the material we can secure to help us instill into the pupils' hearts a love and devotion for those dear men and women who did so much to give unto us our beautiful mountain homes, and our glorious Gospel. Little do we realize the hardships they endured. Think how they were forced by mobs to leave their beautiful homes and journey far out into a wilderness of which they knew nothing, and where Indians menaced on every hand. Not only that, but more than once they were compelled to sleep out in the rain all night and on the morrow, without having had sufficient food, trudge along by the side of a jolting wagon to lighten the burden or to give room for some sick person to ride. Then sickness and death deprived them of many of their loved ones, and their bodies were buried in crude caskets and left there on the plains. Why did they pass through such trials? They knew God had revealed the only true plan of salvation, and they were willing to sacrifice much that we, their children and grandchildren, might have the privilege of working out that plan of salvation in peace, in the valleys of the mountains. How many of us today would have courage to suffer thus, if called upon to uphold principles, which, in our hearts, we know are true?

The twenty-fourth day of July has been set apart that not only citizens of Utah, but all Latter-day Saints wherever they are, shall do honor to Brigham

Young and the Utah pioneers. This year that day comes on Sunday, an ideal time for the Sunday School teacher to tell the children what has been done for us, and also suggest to them how the day may be celebrated properly. Just as the oxen and wagon was a central figure in a pioneer camp on the plains, so I believe it may be one in our twenty-fourth of July exercises in the Sunday School room. Especially can this be so in the First Intermediate, Primary, and Kindergarten departments. The teachers may follow the directions given below and bring the wagon and oxen and the handcart complete to Sunday School, and use them in connection with the work for today.

The tongue of the wagon was placed in the yoke. A heavy chain was fastened to the yoke and extended back just above the tongue to the wagon box.

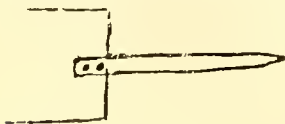
The oxen moved very slowly and were driven by means of long whips. The driver did not have the privilege always of sitting in the wagon. It was very often necessary for him to walk on the near side or to the front of them to guide them. The words used were not "whoa" and "get-up" as we use with horses, but if the driver wished the oxen to go to the left he would say "whoa-haw." If he wished them to go to the right he would say "gee." Then the word alone was hardly sufficient; the whip had to be used as well. We may readily understand that driving a yoke of oxen was not altogether pleasant. The handcart represented in the photograph was pushed across the plains by the men and women of the handcart company. Several wagons could be made and placed in a circle to show the children how the company halted at night.

All the teachers in our stake who have used these illustrations have been more than doubly repaid for their work by the extreme interest manifested by the children and the lasting impression that has been made upon their minds.

Materials for Wagon. One gentleman's shoe box about 13 inches long, 6½ inches wide, and 4 inches high. 2 lids of shoe boxes, 1 strip of stiff cardboard (from the side or lid of a shoe box) 14 inches long, 1 inch wide, 2 strips of limber cardboard 18 inches long and 1 inch wide, 1 piece of limber cardboard 6½ in. long, and 5 in. wide, 1 piece of white muslin 18 in. long, 19 in. wide, 10 collar buttons (those small black ones which come in gentleman's shirts from the laundry.) Good paste may be substituted for collar buttons except for the wheels.

Construction of Wagon. Lay the two shoe box lids on a flat surface. Take a common smooth-edged saucer or any other object that is a circle of about 5½ inches diameter, and lay it on the cardboard. Draw around it with a pencil. Repeat this until you have four circles, two on each lid. Cut them out with a sharp scissors so that the edges will be smooth. Now draw the rim, spokes, and hub on each one as you see in the photograph. This gives us the four wheels.

Place the gentleman's shoe box upside down on a flat surface. Take the strip of cardboard 14 in. long and fasten one end with two collar buttons in the center of the right hand edge of the bottom of the box to make the tongue of the wagon. Shape the other end thus:



Turn the wagon box right side up again. Take one strip of limber cardboard 18 in. long, 1 in. wide and fasten with collar button, one end of it near the top edge of the side of the box, 2 inches back from the front edge. Fasten the other end on the other side, 2 in. back from the front edge. (It will be easier to put the collar buttons through if a hole is punched first with a common horse shoe nail.) This makes the front bow. Take the other limber piece of cardboard, 18 in. long 1 in. wide, and fasten it on the sides at the rear end of the wagon, as shown at the top of the following page. (Fig. I.)

Lay the piece of limber cardboard, $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, 5 in. wide, on a smooth surface. Draw a dotted line $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the lower edge c, (Fig. II) and also from each of the side edges a and b. Crease the cardboard back so as to form a crease on each of dotted lines. Now fold the top edge f down to the line d-e, which will make a crease at g-h. With scissors cut cardboard on heavy lines in Fig. III. Now fold into shape and paste. This makes the wagon seat, Fig. IV.

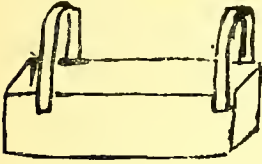


Fig. I.

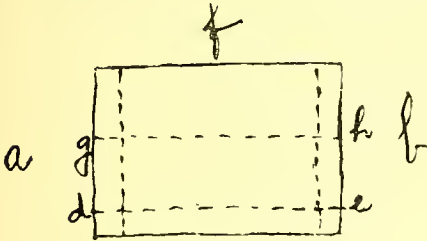


Fig. II.

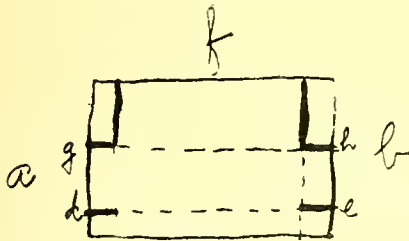


Fig. III

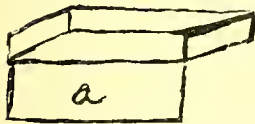


Fig. IV.



Fig. V.

Now paste surface a on the front of the wagon box, and seat will be in position.

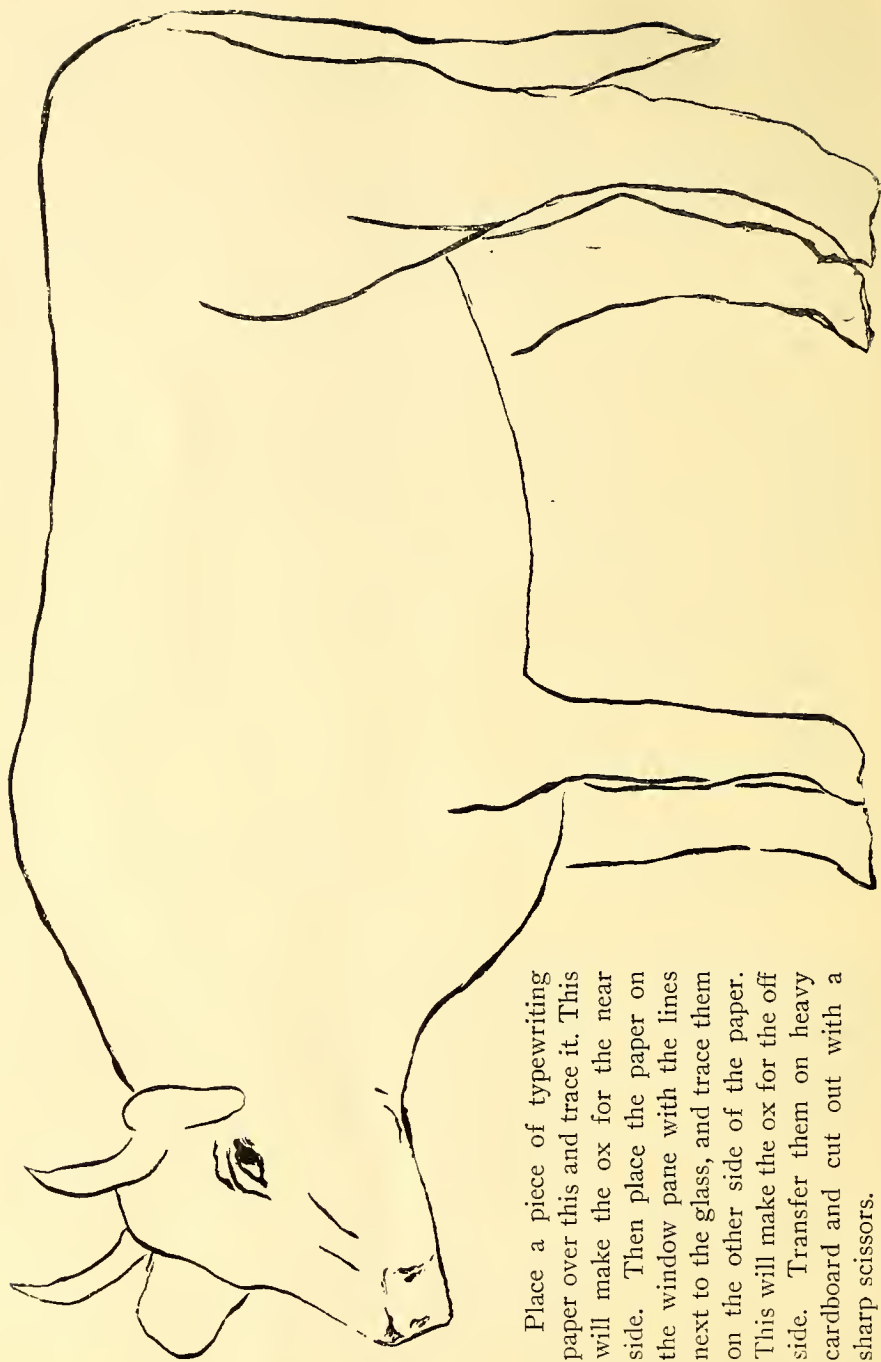
Punch holes for the wheels, being careful not to get them too large. For the front wheels, punch hole $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the bottom of box and 2 in. back from the front edge. For the rear wheels, punch hole $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from bottom edge and 2 in. in from the rear edge. Punch holes in the hubs of the wheels and with collar buttons fasten wheels to wagon box.

Take piece of muslin 18 in. long, 19 in. wide. Lay it over the wagon bows. With needle and thread gather in the rear end as the cover of a wagon is drawn. Arrange the front as in photograph.

Materials for the oxen and yoke: 1 box and lid. 1 strip cardboard 7 in. long, 1 in. wide. To fasten oxen so they will stand, take strip cardboard 7 in. long and fold in 1 in. at each end. Paste flap c to the side of one ox and flap b to the side of the other. Paste center a to the tongue of the wagon.

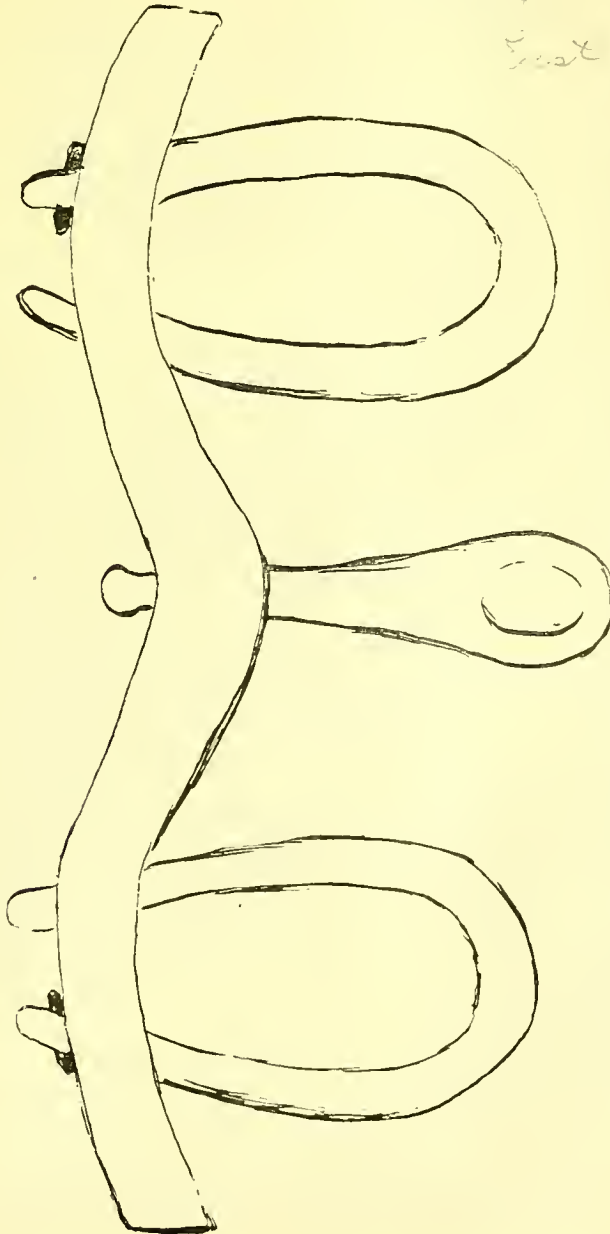
Materials for the handcart: 1 small box about $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, 5 in. wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. high. (If such a box cannot be obtained take one about that width and height, but longer. Cut off one end, being careful not to injure the sides and bottom in the cutting. Then cut enough off from the remainder of the box to make it just $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Fasten the two parts together with collar buttons.) 1 lid of shoe box, 2 strips of stiff cardboard, 6 in. long, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide. 1 strip of limber cardboard 7 in. long, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide. 2 strips limber cardboard 13 in. long, 1 in. wide. 1 piece of white muslin 12 in. long, 11 in. wide. 8 collar buttons.

Construction of handcart: Place box on a flat surface. Take two pieces 13 in. long, 1 in. wide and fasten with collar buttons to the wagon box for the front and rear bows. Place box so one side will face you. Take one strip cardboard 6 in. by $\frac{3}{4}$ in. and fasten one end with a collar button to the lower left hand corner of the side of the box. Turn box so the other side will face you. Now fasten one end of the other strip (same size) on to the lower right hand corner of the side. Take strip of limber cardboard 7 in. long and fold each end down one inch. This will make



Place a piece of typewriting paper over this and trace it. This will make the ox for the near side. Then place the paper on the window pane with the lines next to the glass, and trace them on the other side of the paper. This will make the ox for the off side. Transfer them on heavy cardboard and cut out with a sharp scissors.

flaps as in Fig. V. Paste these flaps on to the other ends of the two pieces you have just fastened, as in photograph. This makes the shaft of the cart. Punch a hole in the center of each side $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above the lower edge for the wheels. On the lid of the shoe box draw two circles $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Draw rim, spokes and hub of wheel on them. Punch hole in hubs and place the wheels on the wagon with collar buttons. Arrange piece of muslin over the bows for cover, as in photograph.



The Yoke.—Trace this on thin paper, then transfer to heavy cardboard, and cut out.



MEMBERS OF THE NORTH WEBER STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD.

Top row, left to right: Zina Taylor, Florence Thomas, Martha Erickson. Second row: Albert T. Powell, Jennie C. Neal, Joan Weaver, Lizzie Ipsen, Florence Wiggins, Frank Williams. Third row: Agnes J. Behling, Thora Williams, Arthur F. Larson, Walter N. Farr (Stake Superintendent), Eugene Bingham, Edith Berryessa. Bottom row: Naud Sisman, H. Raymond Bingham, Alice Taylor, David R. Pingree.

The North Weber Stake Sunday School Board.

A little over a year and a half ago our board was organized with but a few members. Since that time the membership has been increased, and we now have nineteen live, energetic workers whose aim is to render all the assistance in their power to promote the Sunday School cause in their jurisdiction. There are fourteen schools in this stake, nearly all of which are in country wards.

In officering the newly organized stake a great number of the old experienced officers and teachers of the Sunday Schools were called into other positions of greater trust that needed their services. The vacancies caused were filled by the younger and less experienced members of the wards whose task was a great one to keep the schools up to the high standard that had been attained. To help in this matter a series of meetings were held at a convenient place, and at opportune times for securing a large attendance. In these meetings thirty minutes were devoted to talks on outlining, discipline and general topics. Forty-five minutes were given for department work where the stake supervisors of the various departments gave practical demonstrations. The opportunity afforded for ascertaining the efficiency of the local workers, was a splendid one. These meetings were continued for a number of weeks, and much interest was manifest by those who attended. So much good was accomplished that we have since been holding district board meetings in order to better conditions. These meetings are appointed by the board in districts where a number of the schools can meet together conveniently. We always attend in a body, and take charge of the departments where local board work is taken up and handled. Many problems are solved at these gatherings.

We have endeavored to have every school in the stake visited at least once

a month. To do this our Sunday morning visits have been done mostly by pairs. Our group visits to local board meetings have proved most successful and are heartily approved by the superintendents. The frequent visits of the board to our fellow workers in their wards have done much to promote sociability and friendliness among the workers of this stake. Union meetings are held each month on the fourth Sunday. Stake board meetings are held weekly, where detail matters that are calculated to keep the schools in the very best possible condition, are taken up and crystalized. We also devote forty minutes to class work. The stake superintendency and secretary meet each week to transact their business of considering reports, making appointments, etc. During the class work period of the board meeting each member of the superintendency is expected to be doing work in some department with the other members. This also is a requirement made of the local superintendencies in regard to the class work period of both the local board meetings and Sunday School sessions. This has been one means of protecting our brethren from the saying that "The members of the superintendencies are the laziest people of the school."

As to Sunday morning board meetings we would like to say that this has been tried in a number of our schools and in most part has proved successful. The time for meeting is from 8:30 to 9:45 a. m. We are pleased to report that the highest per cent of attendance and individual outlines prepared for the past year was made by the officers and teachers of a school who held their local board meeting at this hour.

We are delighted with the JUVENILE and are "boosting" for it all the time, and sincerely trust that many more subscriptions will be forthcoming.



The Skunk.

(*Mephitis occidentalis*).

By Claude T. Barnes, M. S. P. R.

Member of Biological Society of Washington, Ornithologist's Union, etc.

Some animals protect themselves with sheer strength assisted by teeth and claws, some emit poisons and some resort to flight, but excluding the spiny armament of the Porcupine, probably no defense is so immediately effective as the fetid odor thrown out by a threatened Skunk. It forfends the enemy as surely as the Aegis of Minerva, for days and even weeks of foulness and smart repay the unwise aggressor for his unprovoked attack.

Skunks of various species exist in nearly all parts of North America, the particular variety found in Utah being indicated by the scientific name above. Their long hair misleads one as to their size, for they average only eight pounds in weight, and are really no larger than a housecat. The general black color with a broad white stripe separating into a fork down the back and sides, the immense bushy, grayish black tail, usually held aloft, and the

slow movements, easily distinguish the Skunk from any other animal of the woods even without considering the stench he can cause if he desires.

Besides "Polecat," the Skunk is given various names according to locality. "L'Enfant du diable," "le Chinche," "le Mouffette" and "la Bete puante" are Canadian; "Mahcah," "Nooltseea," "Scangaresse," "Seganku" and "Sheegawk" are Indian, the last one being the origin of the word "Chicago," a city situated on swampy ground which one time must have been a Skunk's Paradise.

The favorite environ of the Skunk is the edge of woods and marshes, where abundant food, warmth and shelter can be found in the varied sunlight and shade. Its range of activity is very small, seldom exceeding a radius of half a mile. In the fertile portions of the West they are, however fairly numerous, averaging probably

one to the square mile; but the fact that usually only two or three young are seen with the mother in fall where-as the litter, at birth, is double that number, shows how destructive Coyotes, Badgers, Owls and Eagles are among the very young.

Various trappers mention having seen Skunks in droves of six, eight or ten, and Kennicott saw even fifteen in a winter den—probably the family of the year. Though all are full grown, the family stays together during the fall and winter, separating with the opening of spring.

Ordinarily silent, the Skunk does at times utter a loud churring or scolding, when disturbed, and when seizing a grasshopper, for instance, it may growl. Stamping defiance with its front feet and sniffing loudly at strange objects, are signs readily understood by its fellows. Some insist that the conspicuous black and white coloration is intended as a warning: "I am a Skunk, keep away;" but others think it is intended to hide, not disclose.

Mating in March, the Skunk which is monogamous, digs its den in a dry place on a hillside, or selects an abandoned Badger, Muskrat, or Ground Squirrel burrow, makes a run of from five to ten feet and a nest of soft grass in a large chamber at the end. It may make a den under a barn floor, in the crevice of a rock, or even in the hollow of a fallen tree.

Towards the end of April, four to six and even ten young are born, each the size of a mouse, naked, and for a few days both deaf and blind. Hairless as they are, the white stripe reveals their identity; and, in fact, as soon as they can see, they assume, when disturbed, the well known attitude of an adult Skunk repelling its enemy. When they are a month old, the musk begins to secrete, thenceforth assuring a lonesome safety.

After living all spring on milk, the young in mid-summer begin to follow the mother about, a joyous loving

family. The father, however, is not there, the duty of caring for the offspring being left probably to the mother alone. When the young are full grown, in autumn, the father, however, returns to spend the winter with his family. During the coldest days, they all nestle in a ball until a spell of warmer weather comes again.

The fluid, which the Skunk emits, only when in danger, is a liquid musk secreted by two large glands. It has an intensely acid reaction, is slightly luminous in the evening and capable of creating an odor actually for miles down wind. Woe to the creature that actually encounters it! If it reaches the eye it causes temporary blindness; it acts as a choking irritant in the nostrils; upsets the stomach in some cases causing fainting convulsions and death. Man and beast prefer not to face a repeater of such discomforting capabilities.

Like the rattlesnake, the Skunk, if pursued, gives warning, first by facing about and stamping, next, by raising and spreading all but the tip of the tail and finally by raising and spreading of the tip. Then, look out! for the suffocating spray is shot a distance of eight feet or more in any direction, even over the Skunk's own head. Benzine will remove the feter from the clothing; but though a dog can relieve the smart and agony by rolling in the nearest stream, the odor remains with him to the unspeakable disgust of his owner.

As a pet, a Skunk is delightfully agreeable until a strange dog provokes a discharge; but the possibility of such a thing is easily removed by a single surgical operation.

The food of Skunks consists of grasshoppers, crickets, insects, mice, ground squirrels, frogs, eggs, rabbits, and berries. Its enemies are obviously limited, consisting usually of some starved carnivore of the woods or of the owl, which scoops down from above. Indians readily eat its white, tender flesh.

The Lure of the City.

By Jennie Roberts Mabey.

II.

It was a morning three weeks later. Mrs. Barnum crossed her lawn with lifted skirts, for it had rained in the night, and the grass was wet, and drops were still hanging to the trees and bushes.

She had missed the cheery ring in Uncle Sammy's voice when he called, and somehow he looked more warped and bent and weather-beaten than ever before, as he stood there waiting at the fence under the trees.

When she came up close, he met her eyes with a look of dumb despair, then filled her bucket without speaking. In a moment he set the can down and began fumbling in his vest pocket.

Presently he brought forth a crumpled paper, and handed it to her, mutely, and with trembling fingers. It read:

DEAR GRANDPA:

It makes me feel bad to leave you like this, but you will get along just as well. You've been good to me, grandpa, but you don't understand how much I want pretty new clothes and to be like other girls. Miss Willet has got me a place at Uphams, clerking.

I've made enough bread to last you a week, and Aunt Phoebe says she'll make it for you after that, and clean up the house.

Now grandpa, take good care of yourself. Wear your boots when it rains and don't stand around in your socks, and don't you worry a speck about me.

Lovingly,
DOLLY.

"Do you think she'd 'a' gone, if I'd got her a purty silk dress, stid o' savin' up for a piany?" he asked with a dull wistfulness, when Mrs. Barnum had finished reading the note, which touched her heart pathetically.

The woman's eyes were filled with tears for a moment, and she could not speak. She wished heartily that she could give the girl, Dolly, "a piece of

her mind." Leaning over the fence, she called loudly in his ear: "She'll come back. She'll come back in a little bit," and smiled at him reassuringly. But the poor old fellow shook his head sadly.

"I jest don't know how I'm goin' to stand it, Mis' Barnum," he said, hopelessly. "I've got so usto always seein' her to hum there, an' now its so still and awful. No one singin' or chirpin' around 'mong the tin things or sweepin' or nothin'. Shucks! seems like I'd rather live outen the barn.

"Then at night, ye know, I git to wonderin' where she is, an' if that Miss Willie is a good woman. Why, Mis' Barnum, I don't even know who the child's livin' with. Do *you* think it's that Miss Willie?

"I guess I oughtn't to begrutch the girl a little show. I guess she *didn't* have nice dresses like some girls, but I never thought, seemed like—I never thought 'bout her hankerin' after new dresses. Her mother, my darter Becky, was a real likely gal though, I remember, an' liked purty things; I recollect Mandy had quite a time with her. He laughed happily for a moment at the recollection.

"Well, shucks! If I wasn't as deaf as a post, I wouldn't care so much. A man like me ain't much account when it comes to earnin' things fer a gal. Eh, Mis' Barnum? I jist wisht I'd told Dolly about the piany though."

Mrs. Barnum watched him go to his wagon and wiped her eyes with the hem of her white apron. The cheery little hop had gone from his walk and the weight of the milk can seemed to pull him over heavily to one side.

The old man could see Dan Martin working in his field again on this morning, and tying up the old horse,

walked feebly to where the boy was pulling long red stalks of rhubarb.

"Well, Dan," he said, with quivering chin, "our little gal's gone."

"Gone!" echoed Dan. "Gone where?"

"Las' night, when I went hum, I—I found this on the table, an' her gone." And the old fellow drew forth the note.

Dan's strong hand trembled, as he took it. "I was afraid she'd do it," he said to himself, bitterly. "I was afraid."

After that the two sat silent for some time, upon some boxes, each thinking his own painful thoughts.

"Dan," said the old man, huskily, after awhile, "do you reckon she'll git so fond of them there city folks that she'll never come back?"

"Ah," said Dan, disgustedly, and rising quickly, "you never can tell what a *girl* will do."

He felt a strong desire to thrash somebody, and wouldn't spare even poor Uncle Sammy's feelings. He shouted loudly right in the old fellow's face, and then swiftly began pulling his rhubarb again.

Uncle Sammy started dejectedly away.

The young fellow's wrath melted instantly; he strode quickly after the bent figure.

"Of course, she'll come back," he said in his ear. "She'll find out who her best friend is, someday."

The next day the piano came, and Uncle Sammy had the men place it in the little front room with its rag carpet and shabby old hair-cloth sofa.

"Yes, I'm goin' to keep it," said the old fellow, simply, "right here with me, so if she ever does come hum I can jest say: 'Dolly, m'gal, they's a little birthday present, I've been a savin' fer ye in the front room there.'"

Something of the old merry light came back into his faded eyes for a moment, but died away again, as he said sadly:

"I'm afeard, though, when she gits

among them city gals, with their fal-de-rols, and stiley ways, she'll not be wantin' to come back to this poor little place agin. Hay hum!" * * *

The spring passed and summer came, and the red June apples were falling in Uncle Sammy's door-yard. The old fellow's face had grown more wrinkled, more brown, and pitifully thin and care-worn.

Dan Martin and Aunt Phoebe, and even Mrs. Barnum, were especially kind to him, and each offered him a home, but he preferred staying where he was.

One day, when Mrs. Barnum found her way to the little house with something hidden under a snowy napkin, she ran across Uncle Sammy sitting upon the back door-step, holding Dolly's old, blue sunbonnet and his tears falling upon it like rain.

"I—I, jest found this," he apologized with watery eyes, "right where she'd left it—hanging on a tree, an' it made me feel kinder cut up, Mis' Barnum. Come on right into the house."

"Now I'm sure you're reel kind, Mis' Barnum," he went on, gratefully, as she uncovered a delicious-looking lemon pie. Then in a moment his mind reverted to his never tiring subject.

"Ye ain't never seen Dolly's piany, have ye," he asked, and then going through a tiny entry-way, he unlocked the door that led into the little parlor.

"I allus keep it locked up when I'm gone so much. There!" exultingly, "ain't it a beauty," rubbing his hands together, and smiling through his tears like a little child.

"Dolly was right smart to learn. She us'to play reel nice chords on her Aunt Phoebe's orgin. I jest like to set out on the porch of an evenin' an' pretend she's in here playin' some grand poky or suthin'. Hay hum—m! I reckon I'll never be able to hear nothin' if she don't come hum 'fore long. Seems like I git older an' deafer every day. Shucks!"

June passed, and July and the warm,

sultry August days were speeding away. Dolly had never written a line to anyone, but Aunt Phoebe's niece, Nancy Walker, had bought some embroidery of her at Uphams. She said Dolly was dressed "swell" and looked real "citified" with rolls all around her head. And Nancy made it a point that Dan Martin should hear that Dolly had a city beau and was flying about to all the theatres and dances, and having a jolly time.

One afternoon, toward the last of August, a girl with a heavy grip, came slowly along the street that led to Uncle Sammy's. She crossed over from the broad walk in front of the Simpkins place, and, opening the gate, went up the path to the little brown house.

She dropped her grip, and flinging off her hat, sat down upon the porch under the trees.

"Oh," she murmured, how lovely and cool after the glare of the pavements. And how beautiful the sweet-peas look. And the asters and verbenias are blooming, and—and why gran'pa must have planted all those petunias."

That evening, when the haze of twilight was beginning to fall over the flowers, and a cool breeze swayed them gently back and forth, Uncle Sammy left his work in the field and came towards the house for his milk buckets, very tired and stiff. He never used to get tired like that, he often thought lately. He guessed he was getting pretty old.

As he neared the kitchen, something smelled suspiciously like fried chicken and cream biscuits, and Uncle Sammy's nose was very sensitive in spite of his seventy years. He guessed Aunt Phoebe was over cooking him something for supper.

Through the window-screen he caught a glimpse of something darting back and forth, and stopped a moment. But Aunt Phoebe didn't wear white dresses, and wasn't slender, and her hair wasn't golden like—Dolly!

It couldn't be Dolly! His knees shook and he leaned weakly against the wall.

He never knew exactly how he got into the house, his limbs were so numb and trembling. But—"why gran'pa, why gran'pa," someone was saying over and over, rubbing his cold hands with two moist, warm ones.

"Dolly, oh, Dolly," he said dazedly, "it ain't you, is it? I been waitin' so long, I'm—I'm most fagged out m' gal."

"Why, gran'pa, I didn't know you cared like this. How should I know you were fretting so. When I saw Nancy Walker the other day, and she said you worried all the time, I went to the manager and told him I was coming home today. Oh, gran'pa, I've been awful mean to you, haven't I, but I thought you'd get along just as well without me." She had sunk down upon her knees beside him, and her tears fell upon his wrinkled hand. "But I've come home to stay, gran'pa; this is such a lovely old place. I don't like the city. All everybody there thinks of is a good time, and you're a mere nobody unless you're propped up with money. The men in the stores say disagreeable things to the girls: they're not a bit like I thought, and the girls talk back. Its awful, gran'pa. And all those pretty clothes I was going to buy I've brought home in my grip. The rooms and board were so high I couldn't save anything, hardly. But *we* don't care, gran'pa," with a little laugh. "Pretty clothes don't make folks happy, and we're going to be very happy after this, and all comfy."

"Now, gran'pa, move your chair up close to the stove, and get warm. You're cold, if it is summer." Then she unlaced his shoes, and running to her grip, brought a new pair of slippers and put them upon his feet.

Uncle Sammy closed his eyes and slid far down in his heavy rocker, and toasted his cramped and aged limbs with a dreamy indescribable satisfaction.

"Ah—ah, he ejaculated long and

comfortably. "M—m—m," as the girl hovered over him in soothing tones.

"Dan Martin found them so a little later. As his step sounded upon the porch, the girl's slight figure straightened. She stood there in the lamp-light with glints and gleams in her crown of beautiful hair. Her eyes were like stars, with the tears still in them.

Dan's heart thumped wildly, but it was too late for him to retreat, and he walked in. The girl's eyes dropped instantly, and a warm glow spread over her face and neck.

She shyly held out her hand, and Dan took it awkwardly.

"I didn't know you'd come back," he said, "and I thought Uncle Sammy might—"

"Yes, gran'pa said you'd been very good," she said, very low. "Won't you sit down?"

"Guess not," he said, "I just came in to see if he wanted anything."

"Set right down Dan. Set right down," insisted Uncle Sammy. I'm all shook up, an' jest that foolish I can't think of nothin' 'cept that m'gal's hum agin. Shucks! Stay to supper, Dan. Dolly's got fried chicken, an' biscuits, an' apple pie—you know the kind. We'll eat an' be sociable jest like old times," he winked slyly at the boy, and laughed his dry crackling laugh, but something like sobs shook his voice, like a little child trying to laugh through its tears.

"No thanks," said Dan, very stiffly. "I'll have to go back."

"Stay Dan," said Dolly in her soft voice, with something of the old time familiarity. "We'd like to have you—very much."

Dan looked squarely into her face, searchingly and intently, and the girl's cheeks flushed rosily under his gaze.

"Well, if I ain't plumb daffy!" exclaimed Uncle Sammy, after supper, when they had sat and talked for some time. "I'd clean forgot ole

Maude and Bess."

"Better let me do the milking to-night, Uncle Sammy," said Dan, springing up quickly.

"Shucks!" said the old man. "Go 'long. I'm thinkin' *now* I'll milk them cows for fifteen more years.

"Let me help then," said the boy, taking one of the buckets and turning laughingly to Dolly.

"You show me the way."

"Why, Dan Martin!" she laughed back, "I won't,"—but nevertheless, she walked out with them to the little starlit meadow behind the house.

Dolly leaned against the bars, her white dress fluttering softly, and Dan stood big and strong beside her for a moment.

The Simpkins' place across the street made a brilliant picture.

"Dan," said Dolly, "did you know that Mr. Simpkins made all his money by robbing poor folks? I don't understand; but it was something about a big franchise, I believe.

"And did you know that the oldest Simpkins boy had just forged a check for, oh—such a lot, and his people are trying to hush it up?"

"Yes, I knew," said Dan, "but how about that city guy of yours?"

"Oh," laughed the girl, "that was some of Nancy's nonsense. She—she said she was going to tease you."

"Dolly!" he breathed exultingly, and coming closer, thought that he held the wealth of the world in his hands, when in reality it was but the tips of Dolly's slim fingers.

"Well, I'll be gummed!" exclaimed Uncle Sammy, aghast, coming up a few moments later. "Ain't through yet. Dan, you'll be orful slow when ye git as old as I be. I been wantin' you'd hurry. There's a little bit of a birthday present that's been waitin' fer Dolly, this long time, an' I want her to see it sometime tonight."

Then Uncle Sammy laughed his happy little crackling sound of mirth.

Two Men in the Making.

By R. A. A. R.

CHAPTER IX.

Parley Faces Danger.

In August the boys made a trip over the mountain to the saw-mill, expecting to be gone three days. They camped over night at the foot of the mountain. There it was that Parley cooked his favorite breakfast food, for which he gave the recipe: "Jist take some bacon and let it fry a little, then slice your taters on top, and pour in your water, pepper and salt, and jollies! don't it taste good when you're campin' out?"

Having eaten heartily of Parley's cookery without slighting the eatables brought from home, they hitched up their horses to ascend the mountain.

Russell, being ready first, went ahead, though Parley thought he ought to have had that place. Hyrum did not ride, but ran here and there in search of wild strawberries, which he divided liberally with the drivers, who drove slowly and rested often just to eat strawberries. They reached the top and started down the other side going faster. Hyrum had now to run to keep up.

Parley was whistling jerks of tunes, and staring ahead thinking of nothing in particular, when it occurred to him that Russell's team was going too fast; the next instant, he knew it.

"Whoa, Bess! Whoa, Ben!" he said, leaping off. "Hyrum, put a rock under the wheel. Russell's running away," he cried to Hyrum, who was coming on the run.

As in a dream, Parley saw Russell disappear off the wagon gears. It flashed through his mind that Jim Coulter's team which he drove had got frightened. He dashed through the trees. It seemed to him that Russell was under the wheels, but he turned his face resolutely toward the horses. They were going wildly around a bend

in the road. By a short cut, Parley got up to them.

"Whoa, you fools! stand still," he cried, and seized the bits. It was Jim Coulter's way of managing his horses, but Parley had a strength and determination that conquered. The frightened animals panted and quivered, but stood still.

Hyrum came up, screaming and crying as loud as he could.

"Shut up," Parley commanded. "Undo them singletrees, and tie these horses." He himself undid the neck-yoke.

The sight Parley saw when he went back to the wagon made him feel sick all over. "Ugh, jollies!" he said, with a heavy sob, and the tears streamed down his face. Russell was lying face downward, but one foot was caught between the reach and the hound, holding him half suspended.

Parley got under the wagon, and lifted Russell's face. It was pale and bruised, and bleeding a little. "Hurry, Hyrum," he said.

"Parley, he's killed!" cried Hyrum.

"Hold his head now while I get his foot loose," said Parley, unsteadily, while he wiped the dirt from Russell's face with his handkerchief.

Hyrum, all the time crying, obeyed. And Parley, after much difficulty, released the foot. These maneuvers must have revived Russell, for he began to scream, and try to arise.

Parley held him down, and they removed him from under the wagon, he all the time moaning, "Oh, my foot!"

When he was clearly out from under the wagon, he seemed to recover his senses completely. "My shoe off, boys, please," he said in a piteous tone.

Parley untied the shoe and with difficulty took off shoe and sock. The poor foot was already swelling fast, and was blue where it had been squeezed between the reach and hound.

"Oh, Russell, we thought you were killed," sobbed Hyrum.

"I thought I was dying myself. How did you stop them?" Russell said, between groans. "Boys, it hurts so I can't stand it."

"We must get you to the saw-mill where they can do something for it. Can you walk," asked Parley.

Russell tried to rise. "Oh—h, no!" he moaned, and sank back on the grass.

"Parley, we can put all the boards on your wagon, and spread the quilts out for Russell to ride on," suggested Hyrum.

This they did, and with Hyrum, seated, supporting the injured foot, Parley drove slowly toward the mill.

It seemed an age to Russell, having his foot in such terrible pain with no let-up. Going slowly made every jolt in the road more severe, each time bringing a cry of pain from Russell.

The sawmill, with its water rushing and splashing as merrily as ever, at last came into view. The neat log cabin behind it was a more welcome sight.

And what a welcome sight was fresh Mrs. Daniels in her gingham bonnet, who, when she learned of the trouble, brought out into the pine-tree-shaded dooryard, her calico-cushioned rocker, and a plain chair with a pillow, and a basin of hot water, and a cloth. What was more, she bathed his foot for him.

The hot applications brought immediate relief, but the men at the saw-mill were of the opinion that it was such a bad sprain he would not be able to walk on it for a month at least.

A lump rose in Russell's throat on receiving this information, but he choked it down.

"I don't know what scared the horses," he said, "but they went like mad. I had no control over them at all."

"Like enough it was a rattler. Horses can't stand the sound of them durned things at all."

"Hm! if it was a snake, I'll never blame them, but I don't know. I do know I owe my life to Parley."

"Me? I didn't"—Parley tried to explain, but Russell interrupted him, and continued: "Why, I tried to hold 'em, but my foot caught, the wheel went over a rock, and I fell. I put my elbows down for support, and let them scrape the ground, see"—he showed his torn sleeves and elbows covered with bloody scratches—"but I must have dropped down and fainted, for the next I knew, Parley and Hyrum had me out on the side of the road. If Parley hadn't stopped the team when he did, nothing would be left of me."

"Yes, it was Parley that saved him, for he would have died for all of me. I couldn't do anything, I was so scared myself," said Hyrum.

CHAPTER X.

School Days.

The summer days shone themselves away, and before they knew it, as always, it was time to go to school. Even where boys and girls go only five months in the year, as did the Deming children, many unwillingly bid adieu to open fields and birds, and hills. Russell had gone home soon after his ankle was sprained, so that they were lonesome, and even Parley thought he would enjoy the novelty of going to school to the new teacher.

The new teacher was a lady, and not at all an ordinary one; her cheeks glowing with robust health, her dark brown eyes sparkling, her teeth so clean and white. As Parley emerged from behind a corn shock where he had been stealing glances at her as she walked away from her boarding place at Jim Coulter's, he found himself reflecting thus: "My jollies! whatever will she think of me when she finds out what a big donkey I am!"

Three minutes later, Hyrum who had been farther up the road, and had obtained a closer view, came whistling through the fence.

"Oh, Parley," he exclaimed, "we've

got the best teacher this year we ever had. I wish school started today."

"Ho! she ain't no good," retorted Parley.

Miss Alma began school the following Monday. What a sweet singer she was, and what a wonderful amount she knew, of all that was in the books! Never lost her temper. Played "Wolf over the river," and "Pom pom, pull away" with the children.

"She ain't a bit like other women teachers," Parley told his mother. "She moves around so quick, and nothing tires her. She ain't very stylish, and she's awful big around, but she don't seem to care nothin' about it."

As the days went by they all liked her even better. Those who had never cared for study before were eager to get their lessons in order to gain her approbation. Parley was one of these, but struggle as he would, he could not get adjectives and adverbs, and mixed fractions and decimals. So Miss Alma gave special instruction outside of school hours to Parley and several others. Parley felt sure Miss Alma would never know how hard he tried, because he was so stupid. In listening to an explanation, he would get so bewildered that if Miss Alma asked him "what is twice eight" he would be puzzled as to whether it was "twelve or fourteen." He would sit before his book for a half hour at a time, looking blankly at the page, figuring a little, and wondering at the same time what good such stuff might be, anyhow, and wishing all he had to study was things like Captain John Smith and North America.

Not so, Hyrum. His every lesson seemed to be prepared. He needed no special classes. Miss Alma, as she walked home with Isabella, said to her in these very words, "You have one of the cutest brothers,—that Hyrum. His curly hair and blue eyes charm me. And he's such a perfect little gentleman, and so smart." All of which Isabella told to her brother.

After six weeks of school, examina-

tions were given in all the grades, of which there were six, although not more than twenty-five pupils enrolled. It was new to this, the Hillburg school, to have examinations on such a large scale, as other teachers had despaired of being able to accomplish the task in such a school of mixed grades. The children had looked forward to it as an epoch in their school life, so that after the papers were corrected and marked, Miss Alma faced an anxious group. Her heart went out in sympathy to each one of them as he or she looked cautiously at the mark on his paper. She unconsciously cast a beaming glance on Hyrum, who, his face suffused with happiness, sat looking through his papers. Her heart beat for Parley, who drooped his head, and crammed his papers in a wad into his pocket.

Then after the children, sad or glad, had been dismissed, as Miss Alma locked the schoolhouse door, she murmured, "Dear, dear! how I hate examinations, but I feel that I must follow instructions."

The first of the Deming children to reach home was Hyrum. With a bound he came through the door, and into the kitchen, where he displayed his per cents before his mother, two 100 per cents in arithmetic and language; 85 per cent in reading; spelling, 98 per cent; geography, 95 per cent; history, 80 per cent; hygiene, 90 per cent.

"How well you have done," said his mother.

"Only that 80 per cent in history. That's not very good. Parley got more in that than I did."

Sister Deming, pleasantly surprised inquired how much he got.

"81 per cent," replied Hyrum. "He showed me his papers. But I'm so glad he got it."

Parley did not go home from school at once. He loitered over the hills. As he went, he tore every one of his examination papers into the smallest of pieces, scattering them among the

rocks and brush, while viciously watching them eddy away in the breeze, after which, he took his course toward home.

He sneaked into the house the back way, took the buckets and went out to milk. When he came back, his mother was there.

"What in the world have you been doing to be so late?" she scolded.

"Oh, jist been foolin' around."

"Why, it's no wonder Hyrum's ahead of you. What time will you have to get lessons?"

"I ain't a goin' to school another day. I wish books had never been heard of," and Parley, strong and brave as he usually was, broken down sobbing.

He went out of doors, and his mother surmising his trouble, followed him, and asked him if he didn't pass in his studies.

"Yes, jist did pass, all but grammar, but look what Hyrum got," said Parley. "Every teacher's got a pick at me."

Sister Deming, keenly sympathetic, did her best to raise his spirits. "How bad I should feel to have a son of mine grow up ignorant in these days of free schools," she said.

Although his mother's words had a good effect, not a book would Parley open that night.

About 8:30 o'clock that same evening, as Miss Alma sat reading in her own room, the door opened, and Sister Deming entered. Miss Alma seemed to understand, and flushed as she asked her to take a chair.

"I've come to talk about my boys, Miss Alma," she announced, seating herself. "It seems like every teacher favors Hyrum over Parley."

"Why, I've tried"—Miss Alma began to explain.

"Well, Miss Alma, I know you've done the best you could, but this examination is what I'm referring to.

I've no doubt that Hyrum's papers are lots better than Parley's, but Parley's been studying harder than he ever did before, and it discourages him. You know how it would be to have a younger brother in the same class get marked so much higher than yourself."

"But it wouldn't be right to give a mark that the papers don't justify. I should be blamed."

"It would suit me all right, for Parley would feel more encouraged."

"As it was, I really marked him as high as I could, and gave him the benefit of any doubt."

"I am sure, Miss Alma, if you knew how hard it is for us to get Parley to go to school and learn something, you would do all you could to encourage him."

"My dear Sister Deming, I certainly shall, for there's good stuff in Parley. I will give him extra credit in the books for earnest work, but every paper must be marked as nearly true as I can."

"Well, I tell you, he feels blue tonight. And I think just as much of one of my boys as the other. I want to see them both get on."

"So do I, and they will if we can only understand them. Parley must go slower in school work, as he is suited to it, while Hyrum is adapted to other work. Both can become useful and respected, but in different lines."

"But it is hard to know what to do now, when Parley feels as he does," said Sister Deming, though brightening a little.

"It is," assented Miss Alma. "I felt so anxious for Parley. I hope I can encourage him."

In the few minutes following, the two women's views seemed more nearly in accord, and they parted like sisters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Children's Budget Box.

Our competition No. 3 was participated in by quite a number of our young friends and the winning contributions are printed below. To those who failed to win we say: Do not be discouraged, but try again.



Drawing by Hortense Bowen
Age 14.

Tooele City.

THE WIND.

The wind that made the meadows dance
Came whistling through the glade;
And all the little birch trees laughed
And twinkled in the shade;
He tossed a red leaf in my hair,
Caressed each slim young tree,
And left the garden all agog
With gay expectancy.

Today the wind came back again—
He marched like men at war,
And dust and leaves and frightened birds
Came hurrying on before.
He trampled the meadows under foot,
He whipped the trees to shreds,
And oh, the havoc that he wrought
Among my garden beds!

Next time the wind comes whistling by—
So airily polite—
I'll run and tell my lady trees
To bind their tresses tight;
I'll send a warning to the brook,
I'll bid the rain-crow shout,
And every garden sentinel
Shall hang storm signals out!

Katie Aschliman,
Age 14. Montpelier, Idaho.

OBEDIENCE REWARDED.

Once there was a little girl named Eva,
and she was such a sweet child that every
one loved her.

One day the schools were going out
May walking, and Eva's mamma said she
ought not to go, for her little sister was
sick and her mamma needed her help
very much.

When she was going to school she met
Jennie Jones, one of her class mates, who
said, "Have you got your lunch ready,
Eva?" And Eva replied, "I cannot go
today for my sister is sick, and mamma
will need me."

Just then the bell rang and she ran off
to school. Her teacher called the roll,
then dismissed the school for the day.

The children stood about talking of
their proposed walk, and the fun that
they would have. Eva felt very bad, but
started bravely home. On the way she
met her Aunt Jane, who said: "You're
going the wrong way; why aren't you go-
ing with the school for a May walk?"

Eva swallowed the lump in her throat
and said, "My little sister is sick, and
mamma said she would like my help to-
day." The tears came into her eyes, and
she hurried on.

When she got home she entered with
a smiling face, and said in a cheerful
voice to her mamma, "What can I do
now, mamma?" Although she tried to
appear cheerful, her mamma could see
she was disappointed at not going with
her playmates.

While she was busily engaged in the
task assigned her, she heard a quick step
on the walk outside. In a moment the
door opened and her papa entered the
room. He taught a school, and they were
going to the canyon that day also, and
he told Eva that he would take her and
her brother Angus, as he was going to
hitch old Dobbin to the buggy. She
looked at her mamma with inquiring eyes
and received a nod and a smile, whereat
she laid aside her work and prepared to
go for her ride.

Her papa gave her some money, and
she went to the store and purchased
some things from which her mamma pre-
pared a dainty lunch. This pleased her
greatly, for by so doing she was able to
get just what she liked best.

Then they rode to the hills, and oh!
what pleasure they had gathering flow-
ers and playing with the other children.

While riding home Eva kept thinking
what a pleasant day she had had, and of
how things had shaped themselves for
her enjoyment; for if she had gone with
the school she would have had to walk
several miles by the dusty road side, and
would have been hot as some of her
playmates were.

But by making the sacrifice to please

her mamma she had been able to enjoy herself much better than she had planned for at first.

Thus we see that by obedience we gain many blessings that we would otherwise miss.

Maggie Peterson,
Age 9 years. Smithfield, Utah.

COMPETITION NO. 5.

Book premiums will be awarded for the following:

Verses: Not more than sixteen lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size and subject.

Drawings: Any size and subject.

Rules.

Competition will close August 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name age and address of the sender and must

be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only.

Address: "The Children's Budget Box, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.



LITTLE GARDENERS.

Laura Tree,
Hooper, Utah.

The Juvenile Instructor Puzzle Page.

The May Enigma.

The answers to our May Enigma indicate marvelous activity in word hunting. The hidden words are "stable," "table" and "able." In the one hundred and fifty answers received, our friends found all the way from 20 to 229 words. In some of the higher lists some words were submitted which are not found in the English dictionary, but even eliminating these, the answers were creditable. In submitting the Enigma we did not provide that there could be no repetition of letters, consequently, in justice to many, we had to accept answers containing repetitions.

The names of the winners are as follows:

M. A. Stewart, Mesa, Ariz
J. D. Price, Gunnison, Utah.
Nellie Crook, Heber City, Utah.
Maggie Hatch, Scipio, Utah.
Clifford G. Gibson, Manassa, Colo.
Eva M. Overson, St. Johns, Ariz.
Bardella Barker, North Ogden, Utah.
Snell Robertson, Spanish Fork, Utah.
Nora Manning, Springville, Utah.
Amanda Butler, Breen, Colo.
Albert Ellison, Provo, Utah.
Laura Brown, Brigham City, Utah.
Eddie W. Johnson, St. Anthony, Idaho.
Wm. Mason, Riverside, Utah.

Hilda Pederson, St. Anthony, Idaho.
Lela Peterson, Springville, Utah.

WORD PUZZLE FOR JULY.

1. I am a word of four letters naming a valuable friend or a bitter enemy, according to the use made of me; change my head and you will see the following transformations:

2. The chief source from which the above is procured.

3. Of delicate texture; of noble appearance.

4. Cattle.

5. To mourn, to languish; an evergreen tree.

6. A source of wealth; sometimes a scene of great calamity; a word expressing possession.

7. Length without breadth.

8. A square number.

For the best ten solutions of the above word puzzle, we will give prizes of good books. Please remember that we cannot answer letters about the puzzles. Don't ask questions; just send your solution of the problem.

All answers must be in our hands by August 1st. None will be considered after that date. Address: Puzzle Editor Juvenile Instructor, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Jocular Mood.

Erased.

"Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

"No, sir—there was, but I wiped it off."
—Havard Lampoon.

On the Instalment Plan.

"How much are eggs now?"

"Two dollars down, and a dollar a month until the dozen is paid for."—
Judge.

"Many a man," remarked the home-grown philosopher, "spends his court-ing-days in telling a girl that he is un-worthy of her, and his married life in proving it."—Houston Chronicle.

"The Skin of a Unit."

The blunders of children are often due to bad teaching. "This," said a teacher to her class in arithmetic, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit, too," she said, "and these are units." And she showed them a ruler, a flower,

and an apple. Then she peeled the ap-ple and, holding up the peel, said, "Now children, what is this?" A little hand went up slowly. "Well, Johnny?" said the teacher,

"Please, ma'am, the skin of a unit."

The Pedestrian in 1910.

Chug-chug! Ba-r-r! br-r-r! Honk-honk! Gilligillug-gilligillug! The pe-destrian paused at the intersection of two busy streets and looked about.

An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motor cycle from another, an auto truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was approaching.

Zip-zip! zing-glug! He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway air-ship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon the manhole cover. Quick-ly he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole—just in time to be run over by a subway train.—The Westminster.



THE FIFTH OF JULY.

Book Review.

"The Boys of Brookfield Academy" by Warren L. Eldred is a new school story that is sure to capture the boys. The Academy has gone backward, and a bunch of mischievous boys, members of a secret society on the wrong track, help materially in the descent.

A graduate steps in as physical director. The boys learn that he is their friend and join forces with him. The secret society changes its course and becomes a factor in the upward shoot and development of a better and bigger school.

The story is well written and interesting.

Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., at \$1.50.

"Happy Island" the "New Uncle William" book by Jennette Lee has been received. Those who met Uncle William in the first book will be glad to know that he has appeared again. It is a pleasure to renew his acquaintance.

One cannot read "Happy Island" without being transported to that sphere where the silver lining of the clouds is all that is visible. The sweet, homely philosophy of Uncle William helps one to see things in their brightest aspects. He is happy, and he makes his associates happy. A very sweet story, well

told. Meet Uncle William in "Happy Island" and you'll enjoy every moment you are with him, and be happy.

Published by the Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.00.

On sale at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

"John and Betty's History Visit" by Margaret Williamson. Not every American boy and girl can learn the past and present of "our old home" in England in so delightful a way as do this brother and sister who are sent to England to be shown the leading places of historic interest in company with an English brother and sister of their own ages, and under the wise and sensible direction of the mother of the latter. But every one can enjoy reading of the jolly trips taken by the four children and Mrs. Pitt, the mother of English Philip and Barbara, who proves to be the best of entertainers and traveling companions, and the whole happy idea of the "history visit" is so well worked out that it is almost like traveling one's self; and a great deal of useful knowledge is gained in so pleasant a way that no one thinks he has been doing more than getting acquainted with some very nice young friends. The twenty-four full-page photographic illustrations are well chosen and excellent.

Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston, at \$1.50.

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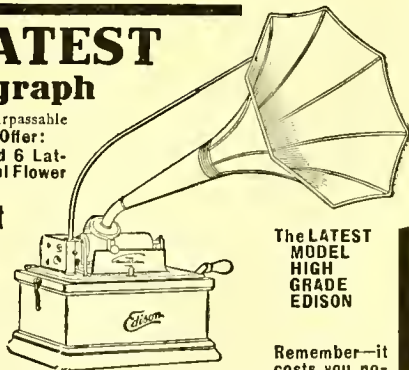
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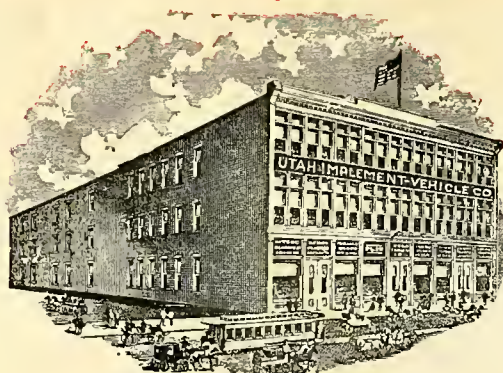
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